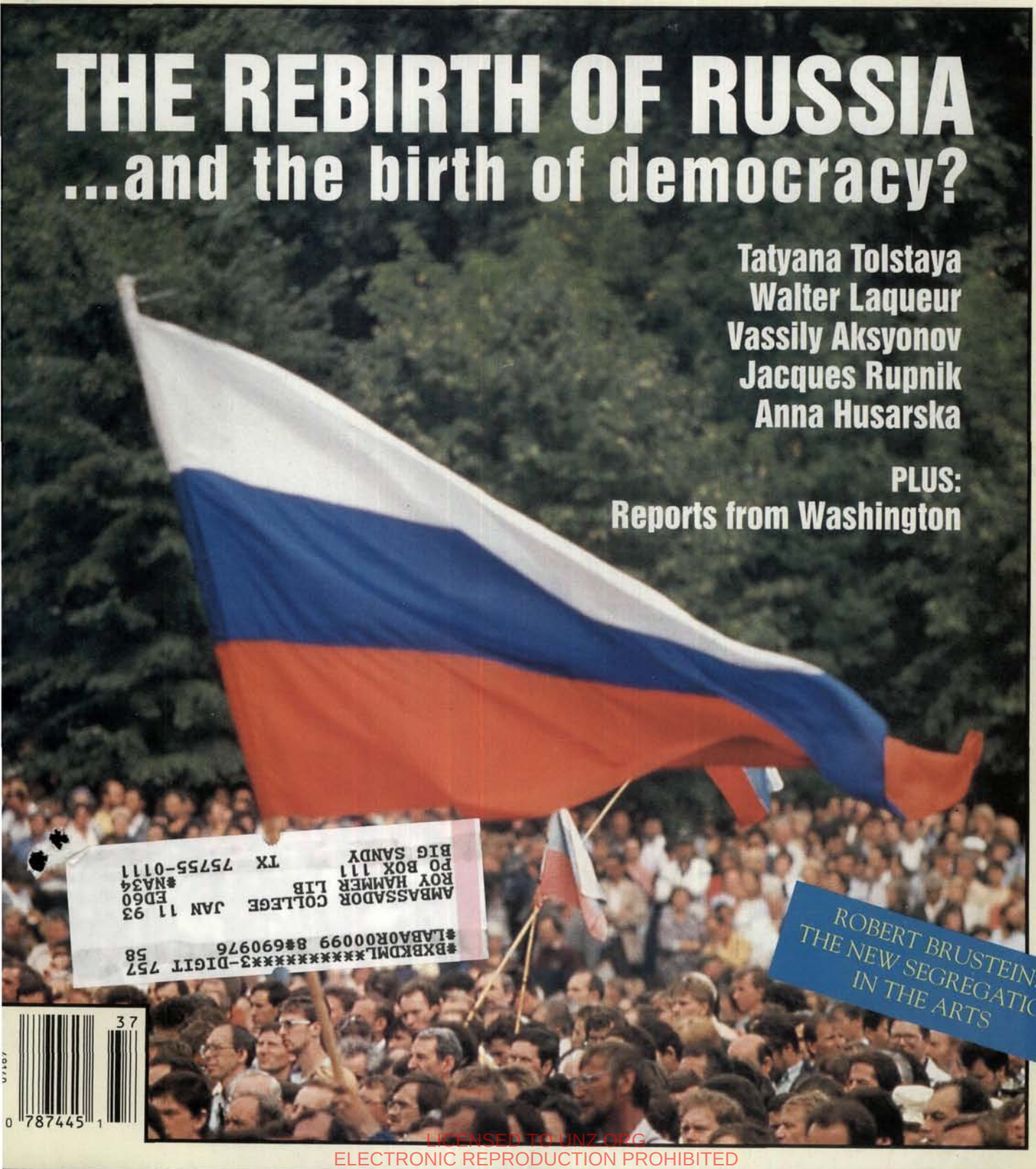
THE EDITORS: LIFE AFTER COMMUNISM

SEPTEMBER 16 & 23, 1991 · $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Who was Socrates? by Martha C. Nussbaum · Who was Carl Sandburg? by Daniel Aaron



THE REBIRTH OF RUSSIA ...and the birth of democracy?

Tatyana Tolstaya
Walter Laqueur
Vassily Aksyonov
Jacques Rupnik
Anna Husarska

PLUS:
Reports from Washington

ROBERT BRUSTEIN: THE NEW SEGREGATION IN THE ARTS

#BXBKDML**********3-DIGIT 757
#LABAOR00099 8#609976 58
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE JAN 11 93
ROY HAMMER LIB EDGO
PO BOX 111 #NA34
BIG SANDY TX 75755-0111

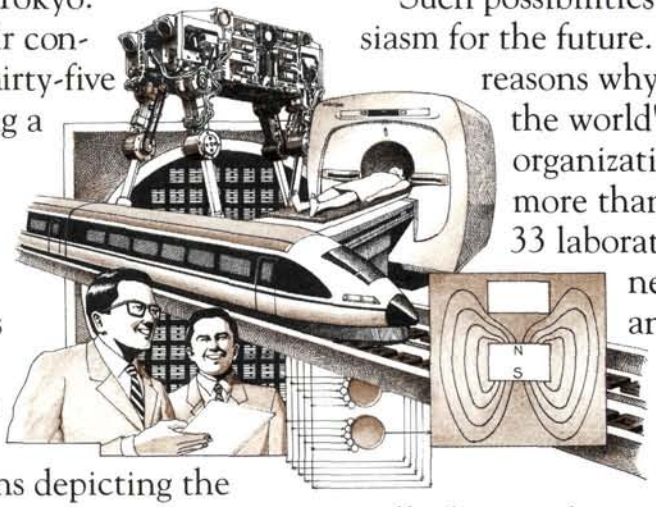
37
0 787445 1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creating Technology That Puts People First

Picture a future where commuter trains glide noiselessly above the ground on magnetic cushions, where teller machines recognize a customer's signature, where walking robots negotiate stairs and terrain as easily as people, where a doctor can see a heart beating beneath a patient's skin. Visitors caught a preview of just such a future at the "Hitachi Technology 1991" exhibition held recently in New York, London, and Tokyo.

The travelling fair contained more than thirty-five exhibits representing a sampling of the hundreds of new technologies under development at Hitachi laboratories around the world. Among the exhibits were computer-generated animations depicting the effects of tidal waves, water pollution, and other phenomena; atomic-scale images produced by a new type of microscope, and a Japanese-English machine translation system.



The technology displayed at the fair has immense potential to change the world for the better. Meissner-levitated trains, for example, could offer the speed and comfort of air transportation at far less cost to the environment. By eliminating the need for exploratory surgery, high-speed MRI systems would promote early detection of heart disease. Walking robots could take over hazardous tasks, such as cleaning up chemical spills. Neural computers capable of learning and recognizing signatures could eliminate the need for identification cards at banks and other institutions, making life easier for all of us.

Such possibilities fill us with enthusiasm for the future. They are the reasons why we operate one of the world's largest R&D organizations, employing more than 16,000 persons in 33 laboratories and spending nearly $3 billion annually. Despite its size, this effort has but one overriding goal: to develop technologies that will advance the standard of living of all the Earth's citizens.

We are proud of the success of the Hitachi Technology 1991 exhibition. We believe its many visitors came away with a better understanding of our commitment to creating technology that puts people first.

For more information, write: Hitachi, P.O. Box 7515, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

HITACHI®

© 1991 HITACHI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

SEPTEMBER 16 & 23, 1991

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUES 4,000 & 4,001

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG (on leave)

Acting Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, MORTON KONDRACKE, JACOB WEISBERG, ROBERT WRIGHT

Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PETER BEJGER

Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD

Art
MARK STEVENS

Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, ROBERT COLES, STANLEY CROUCH, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, JOHN B. JUDIS, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK, ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER, MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, ANNE TYLER, NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN, MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Editors
KAREN LEHRMAN, LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH

Assistant Literary Editor
ALEXANDER STAR

Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
ANGELINA HAN

Production Assistant
AMY E. KNOX

Reporter-Researchers
NEAL POLLACK, MATTHEW REES

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
H. EDWARD YOUNG

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

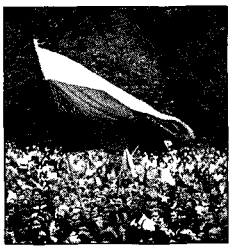
Circulation Manager
PATTI NAJDA

Advertising Assistant
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Accounting Assistant
CHRISTINE SCHAUT

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

Director of Joint Advertising Sales The New Republic/National Review
JAMES J. McCABE



Cover: Moscow, August 21. Photo by Filip Horvat/SABA.

4 **MICHAEL KINSLEY** TRB: HEROES AND WIMPS Would Lamar Alexander climb a tank?

6 **CORRESPONDENCE** Reporters in the bedroom, April Glaspie's makeup, &c.

7 **THE EDITORS** THE AUGUST REVOLUTION Will chaos follow the three days that killed communism? MISSION TO MOSCOW Why Bob Strauss, our new ambassador to the USSR, is the wrong man at the wrong time. NOTEBOOK Pat Buchanan versus the unwhite, &c.

10 **FRED BARNES** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: GATE CRASHER Boris Yeltsin, beloved in the Russian "White House," has never been welcome at the one in Washington.

12 **VASSILY AKSYONOV** LIVE SOULS Russia's glorious resistance to the failed coup betokens a nation's spiritual awakening.

14 **ANNA HUSARSKA** THE APARTMENT The coup, live in Leningrad.

16 **JACQUES RUPNIK** EMERGENCY EXIT Communism's pathetic departure from the world stage.

18 **TATYANA TOLSTAYA** WHEN PUTSCH COMES TO SHOVE From his mysterious midnight swim to his confrontation with the coup plotters, how Boris Yeltsin outfoxed the KGB, humiliated Gorbachev, and became the hero of Soviet democracy.

24 **WALTER LAQUEUR** THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT The good news is that the coup's failure means the end of Soviet communism in our time. Unfortunately, there are plenty of reasons to worry about the nationalisms aspiring to succeed it.

30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: TRANSMIGRATED SOULS Over Kenneth Branagh's L.A. and Alan Parker's Dublin, the spirits of Orson Welles and James Brown hover.

31 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ON THEATER: THE USE AND ABUSE OF MULTICULTURALISM How a cosmopolitan ideal became a separatist slogan.

34 **MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM** THE CHILL OF VIRTUE *Socrates, Ironist and Moral Philosopher* by Gregory Vlastos

40 **BENEDICT ANDERSON** FOUR BLIND MICE *American Intellectuals and African Nationalists, 1955-1970* by Martin Staniland

42 **JANE FLANDERS** POEM *Aunt Maude's Pocketbook*

46 **DANIEL AARON** THE COMMON MAN *Carl Sandburg: A Biography* by Penelope Niven

50 **MARTIN PERETZ** PARIS DIARIST: LIBÉRATION

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 205, Numbers 12 & 13, Issues 4,000 & 4,001, September 16 & 23, 1991. (Printed in the U.S. on August 28, 1991.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 7 & 14, July 15 & 22, Aug. 19 & 26, and Sept. 16 & 23, 1991) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 679-7330. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1991 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®
FROM WASHINGTON

Heroes and wimps

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide/In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

Aleksandr Bessmertnykh's moment came August 19, and he flubbed it. The Soviet foreign minister didn't side with the coup, but he didn't side against it. At first, when the smoke cleared, he said he had been ill, and then he said the coup leaders had told him, "We need a liberal among us," and he had decided to "silently oppose" it. (In the 1960s in America, former radicals who took respectable jobs or went to law school used to say defensively that they were "boring from within.") Gorbachev was not convinced. He fired Bessmertnykh for "maneuvering."

The Agony of Bessmertnykh was a small but exquisite footnote to the drama of Coup Week. Ted Koppel and the ABC cameras were in the room as Bessmertnykh phoned Secretary of State Baker—"Hello, Jim?"—with the news, and you could see his bewilderment. You never know when history is going to run you over like a tank. Trained in moral relativism, perhaps, by his time in Washington, where nothing ever really matters enough to affect your friendships, let alone your station in life, he probably thought that anyone who jets around the world on important diplomatic missions and chats on a first-name basis with "Jim" and "Ted" is beyond facing life-wrenching moral choices. He was wrong.

Listening to George Bush sermonize about democracy from the golf course and reading smug editorials about the failed coup in the newspapers, you would think that everyone in America has total self-confidence about choosing the right side if history pops up demanding a choice. But I can't help wondering who among our own leaders would be clambering onto a tank like Boris Yeltsin and who would be taking to his bed like Aleksandr Bessmertnykh. "Give me liberty or give me death," declared Ambassador Robert Strauss at a coup martyr's funeral—but he was safely quoting Patrick Henry. Would George Bush play the hero? Wouldn't be prudent.

About the only current or recent American politician I can imagine with any confidence standing on a tank and facing down an army in the name of democracy is Ronald Reagan. And he'd do it in a movie, only convincing himself in hindsight that it had happened in real life.

The ugliest aspect of the moral smugness these days in Washington is the cheap belittling of Mikhail Gorbachev. Whatever your analysis of the past six years, his courage during the coup itself was impeccable. "The hell with you," he told the plotters when they offered him a face-saving—and possibly life-saving—proclamation to sign. He said he'd rather die than cooperate, which realistically put his own life on the line (and his family's too) at least as much as Boris Yeltsin did. Would you—or your senator—have done the same?

In the Gorbachev-versus-Yeltsin parlor game, the Gorbachev card has no takers anymore. Of course the sneering at Mikhail Gorbachev has been going on in some circles since 1985. Only the terms of the sneer have changed. For the first four years or so he was an evil genius conning the West with Potemkin reforms. Then, as the reality of the changes in the Soviet bloc became undeniable, they also became historically inevitable and Gorbachev was demoted from evil genius to irrelevant and incompetent bumbler who had nothing to do with them or even stood in their way.

Where was Boris Yeltsin in 1985? He was First Secretary of the Sverdlovsk Regional Party Committee and a committed careerist apparatchik. According to Leon Aron of the Heritage Foundation, an ardent admirer of Yeltsin who is writing his biography, Gorbachev's thinking was far ahead of Yeltsin's at that point. In short, Gorbachev not only made Yeltsin's reforms possible; he made Yeltsin's very thinking possible.

The coup surely vindicated Gorbachev's concern about the danger of moving too fast. And if moving faster had forced the issue a year or two sooner, the coup might well have succeeded. By now it may be true that Gorbachev's moment is past. He may prove to be, in the popular dismissive phrase, "a transitional figure." So was Moses, another guy who never managed to lead his people into the promised land. But can you name the fellow who did?

Couldn't we use a "transitional figure" or two in this country? We sit here in comfort handicapping Gorbachev and Yeltsin, while we have no one to compare in vision or courage to either one of them. Mikhail Gorbachev is criticized for his inability to abandon fully a lifetime of Communist beliefs; George Bush has no beliefs serious enough to be worth abandoning. Boris Yeltsin faces down the Soviet army in the name of democracy; in America, where democracy is secure, the leading Democrats all shy away from facing down George Bush. Between them, Gorbachev and Yeltsin have taken on every institution of Soviet totalitarianism. In this country, no politician will even take on the American Association of Retired Persons.

To be sure, America is fortunate enough not to need political heroes of that order. Our problems aren't so big. But the less heroism that is required, the more depressing it is that even a small scrap of heroism isn't available. While the people of the Soviet Union remake their country, we can't even control the federal budget deficit.

It will be interesting, as a test of America's own moral fiber, to see how the debate progresses from here about financial aid to the Soviet Union or its constituent parts. It is past the point where opponents of aid can argue that the Soviets are not yet committed to serious economic reform, so that the money will be wasted. It is almost past the point where opponents can argue that there are no democratically elected governments to receive the money, so that it will be misspent. The question will soon be unavoidable whether we feel like giving the money, period. Are we—the most prosperous country on earth—prepared to make some small sacrifice to reward and encourage people who are making far greater sacrifices to achieve the ideals of democracy and free markets that we babble about? Or are we content to just talk about heroism and watch it on TV?

MICHAEL KINSLEY

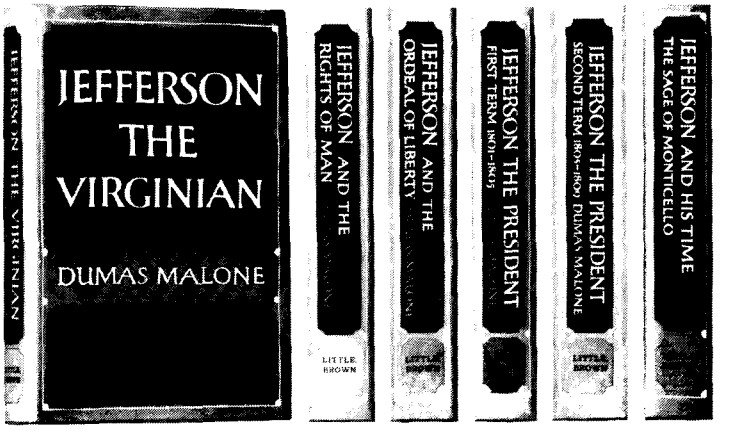
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

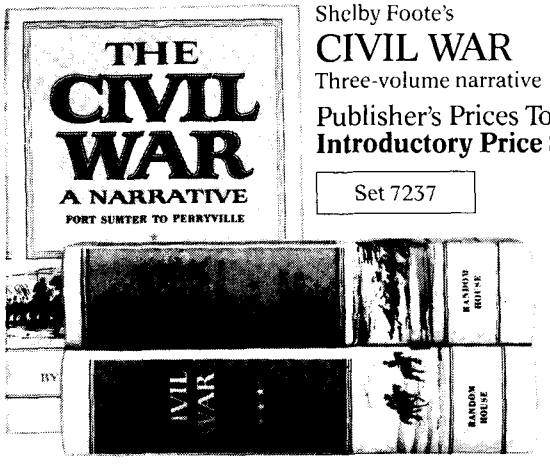
Priceless collections. Big savings.

With no risk, no commitment.

Dumas Malone's
JEFFERSON
Six-volume biography
Publisher's Prices Total $165
Introductory Price $14

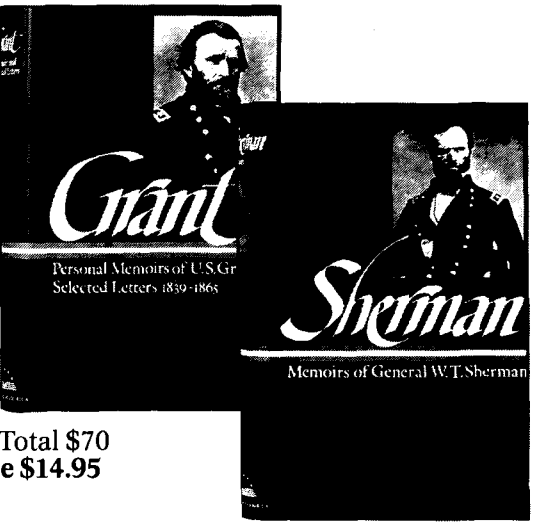
Set 8078





Shelby Foote's
CIVIL WAR
Three-volume narrative
Publisher's Prices Total $105
Introductory Price $15

Set 7237



GRANT/ SHERMAN
Two-volume memoirs set
Publisher's Prices Total $70
Introductory Price $14.95

Set 7039

Landmark works. Hailed by readers, historians and critics alike.

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know offers greater savings–as much as 30% off publishers' list prices.

Your commitment? There is none. Through this special Introductory Offer, you can try History Book Club with no risk, no commitment. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying History Book Club. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one book in any six-month period.

Save as much as 30% with low Members' Prices. You'll enjoy significant savings off the publisher's price on each selection you make from the 150-200 volumes featured in the History Book Club *Review*, along with the new main title, the "Editors' Choice." History Book Club always offers its members well-made, long-lasting editions.

How the Club works. You'll receive our *Review* and a dated Reply Form 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks), plus up to 4 more offers of special selections. If you want the "Editors' Choice," do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you want another book, or no books at all, return the Reply Form by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Your HBC guarantee: If you receive an unwanted "Editors' Choice" because you had fewer than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing.

Try History Book Club–and save! Return the attached coupon today.

History Book Club®
Camp Hill, PA 17012-8804

Please enroll me in History Book Club according to the no-risk, no-commitment terms outlined in the accompanying ad. Send me the multivolume set whose number I have entered in the space below. Bill me at the low Introductory Price, plus shipping and handling.

H127-9-3

Set Selection ____

1-66

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

©1991 History Book Club, Inc. All orders subject to approval. Prices generally higher in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Public relations

To the editors:

In "Predators" (August 19) you say the press "ought to resist publishing details of private life ... unless the activity ... clearly impinges on [politicians'] ability to perform their public offices or their hypocrisy has become so extreme that it has called flagrant attention to itself."

Those who want the press to rule private misbehavior out of journalistic bounds usually refer to adultery. But if even repeated acts of adultery are to be viewed indulgently because they do not impair one's ability to be a good public servant, the same can be said of other shameful private acts. Should the press ignore credible evidence that a politician beats his spouse, or is abusive to his children, or makes anti-Semitic or blatantly racist comments in private? None of these would prevent a hypocritical politician from doing a good job in public office.

We have a right to expect major public figures to show as much respect for traditional moral values as the average American does. If we shrug at immoral private behavior among public figures, we are telling our children that such behavior really doesn't matter much. Is that a message we want to send them? Not if encouraging respect for vindicated moral values is as important to the long-run health of a society as we have every reason to believe it is.

REO M. CHRISTENSON
Oxford, Ohio

Negative testing

To the editors:

TRB's lighthearted commentary on the numerology of AIDS testing of health care workers ("Red Peril," August 12) was a flash on an extraordinarily dark subject. What was missing was the following sad picture: in this second decade of the epidemic, the nation with the largest reported number of AIDS cases can now claim two major federal policies to deal with the spread of AIDS. The first comprises the interdiction of travel to and residence in the United States by HIV-infected persons. The second requires health care workers to be tested for HIV to prevent the virtual nonexistent occurrence of virus transmission from health care worker to patient.

Nowhere to be seen are the goals of HIV prevention and early treatments: programs to encourage lower-risk sex and drug use habits, programs encouraging early HIV testing and treatment. Of course, the corollaries of these—protection from punitive rules and discrimination, improved access to testing facilities, counseling for HIV risk reduction, and access to health care—are likewise nowhere on the national agenda.

The problem is not just that Americans are obsessed with the dangers of ridiculously small risks (though only when it comes to ourselves; we accept them readily for others), but—as with AIDS—we *use* these obsessions (particularly since 1980), dogma, prejudice, and wishful thinking to divert us from dealing with the truly significant risks and dangers. The transmission of AIDS to five persons in a dental practice is a tragedy. The purposeful lack of an effective national AIDS policy to prevent spread and contain the epidemic is close to a crime.

JARED SPOTKOV
San Pedro, California

Judicial review

To the editors:

In "Geritol Justice" (August 19 & 26), Gregg Easterbrook suggests that because life expectancy during colonial times was only thirty-nine years, the Framers never expected Supreme Court justices to serve into their 70s and 80s. Mr. Easterbrook needs a lesson in actuarial statistics if not constitutional law. The reason life expectancy was so low back then was not because people didn't live to be old—look at Ben Franklin, for heaven's sake—but because they so often died in infancy or childhood. Even in biblical times it was understood that a man should live to be "four score and ten." I believe the Framers were fully aware that Supreme Court justices might continue to serve into their old age, and in fact that they wanted it that way.

RICHARD ARMSTRONG
New York, New York
(Via 900 number)

continued on page 49

"If you thought *Pacific Heights* was fiction, you need to read this book."

—John Schlesinger
Director, *Pacific Heights*

Moving west from New York, rent control and exclusionary zoning are bringing a housing crunch to Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay Area as well. Such local regulations are the real causes of America's housing shortage, William Tucker argues. In cities without rent control, landlords offer bonuses to entice renters. In rent-controlled cities, housing is in short supply and landlords and tenants are at each other's throats. The best way to increase the supply of affordable housing, Tucker finds, is to allow people to build it—without a morass of regulations that reduce supply and raise costs. ***Zoning, Rent Control, and Affordable Housing*** by William Tucker, 72 pp., $9.95

224 Second Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003
(202) 546-0200

CATO INSTITUTE

GOT OPINIONS?
LET US KNOW.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
SOUND OFF LINE
1-900-726-6671

Make Your Opinions A Matter Of Record!

Each call costs $1.25 per minute, billed to your phone bill. Net proceeds are used to fund editorial internships and other special editorial projects.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 16 & 23, 1991

THE AUGUST REVOLUTION

It took less than a week, in Moscow and elsewhere, for euphoria over the collapse of the Communist coup to turn into bewilderment about the future and worry about the possibility of famine and anarchy. There is every reason for worry. But first, after all those decades of dictatorship and death, a small reiteration of joy.

Despite its lack of experience with democracy and its weak connection to the traditions of the Enlightenment, Russia has followed the pattern begun in Spain and Portugal in the 1970s and repeated in the Philippines and Eastern Europe in the 1980s. In each country's moment of extreme crisis, when the forces of reaction and dictatorship threatened to use massive violence to hold onto power, they were thwarted by courageous people willing to risk their lives in the name of liberty and by leaders dedicated to popular rule. In Russia, as elsewhere, "people power" triumphed because the military was split and the reactionaries' orders to kill could not be carried out. In former times—in Budapest in 1956, Prague in 1968, Chile in 1973, and Warsaw in 1981—the military obeyed and the reactionaries prevailed. But times have changed. (The major exception to the new scenario is Tiananmen Square, in George Bush's cherished China. Someday the people will topple the People's Republic too.)

The yearning for self-government, however, by no means guarantees that the form of self-government will be liberal democracy, or that democracy, if it is established, will be stable and successful. Iran's people ousted the Shah and got the Ayatollah. The Nicaraguans overthrew Somoza and got the Sandinistas. The Filipinos got rid of Ferdinand Marcos but are still not free of the threats of military coups and Communist insurgency. Boris Yeltsin and a few million democrats saved the Soviet Union from a restoration of Stalinism. The Communist Party is now finished as the conspiracy in command of the Soviet empire. And the empire itself is dissolving, as one republic after another moves to declare its independence and assert its sovereignty. But building permanent democracy is still a task ahead, and all indications are that it will not be easy.

As this magazine has long predicted, the disintegration of the Union was inevitable, and the assertion of nationalism is likely, in places, to be savage. Each republic, following the lead of the Ukraine, probably will insist that all Soviet military forces on its territory become its own militia. So far it is unlikely that the Ukraine will use its million-man army (and 8,000 nuclear weapons) to menace a neighbor. But Armenia and Azerbaijan now may have hundreds of new tanks, planes, and artillery pieces (though, mercifully, not nuclear weapons) to use against each other. Georgia's Christian majority will be able to apply its added military power to crush separatism in Muslim Ossetia.

If reason prevails within and among the republics, they will write democratic constitutions that protect minorities, negotiate differences, and form some sort of federation or economic union that permits them to address their mutual problems. But as one Soviet expert observes, "Today, a logic of revolution prevails, not one of reason."

A number of learned analysts of the Soviet Union, moreover, take seriously the threat that the legitimate punishment of members of the August coup conspiracy may lead to "witch hunts" and persecution of innocents. Some reckoning is appropriate. When Communist Party and KGB files are opened, wrongdoers will be exposed and Party apparatchiks will lose their jobs. That is part of the changeover of power even in established democracies, and it is entirely appropriate to the end of a despotic era. The seizure of Communist Party property is also appropriate. *This* property, too, was theft—specifically, centralized and massive theft from the people. The Party's lands, buildings, stores of imported goods, and presses ought to be sold, and the proceeds used to help the people. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

danger is that recrimination will become the primary business of post-Soviet society, and that millions will suffer because they were merely Party members. It is a danger that confronted the newly liberated states of Central and Eastern Europe too. We hope that the leaders of the various republics in the expiring Soviet Union meet the danger with Havel-like wisdom.

Meanwhile, there are other signs of trouble. The Baltic republics will go free and will be democratic, but others, such as Byelorussia and Uzbekistan, may declare independence and continue to be run by Communist bosses, or may exchange Communist thugs for extreme nationalist ones. At lower levels of government, Communists may be even more entrenched than at the top. Russia, with a democratically elected government, will still put down ethnic revolts by Tatars and other minorities, perhaps with force. Already there is friction between Russia and other republics over authority and territory. As Soviet parliamentarian Dimitri Likhachev put it, "A complete collapse [of the Union] could lead to war, fights over borders. Our borders were established willy-nilly by Stalin, who deliberately set one people against another."

Mr. Yeltsin has contributed to inter-republic suspicion by unilaterally installing Russians in the ministries of the Soviet government and by warning other republics that he will not let them secede from the union taking with them areas with large Russian populations. And he has reserved the right to review Russia's borders with any adjacent republic that leaves the union, presumably meaning that Russia will make claims on the territory of neighboring republics where Russians constitute a majority—the Don basin and the Crimea in the Ukraine and northern Kazakhstan. Kazakhstan's president has reportedly said that border grabs by Russia could lead to war. And Yeltsin, albeit in the name of democracy, is still ruling Russia with a strong hand. The great defender of constitutional rule against the coup plotters is not yet acting in accordance with any ratified constitution. He defeated a Communist coup. He shouldn't turn that triumph into a Yeltsin coup.

On top of all the potential for political chaos, the threat of economic collapse probably increased in August in spite of the victory of declared free marketeers. With GNP already declining at the rate of 15 percent to 20 percent this year, no work got done for at least two weeks. Now swift privatization and decontrolled prices will produce hyperinflation and more dislocation. Fifteen independent republics conceivably could begin printing their own currencies and even charging each other tariffs, as under America's original Articles of Confederation. There is every reason to fear that farmers will keep the fruits of this year's substandard harvest and that severe shortages, or even famine, will occur this winter in the cities. In such classical conditions of instability, even the possibility of a new authoritarian takeover attempt cannot be ruled out. The hard-line Soyuz faction of the Soviet Parliament was not involved in the August coup and will remain active. The reactionaries at the top of Soviet society have been defeated, but the reactionaries nearer to the bottom, Slavophiles and populists and messianists and chauvinists, will still chafe beneath the prospect of a liberal order (while taking advantage of its freedoms, of course). And in the event of anarchy, even democrats will call out the military to restore order.

The Bush administration, as usual, is behind the curve of events in the former USSR. It is just now conducting interagency reviews of the short- and long-term implications of the August revolution. Beforehand, it couldn't read any of the many signs that the Communist coup was coming. President Bush banked his whole Soviet policy (along with his Middle East peace policy and his visions of a New World Order) on the empty assumption that Mikhail Gorbachev was a popular figure who would remain in power for the foreseeable future. Mr. Bush didn't recognize Boris Yeltsin as the emerging leader of Russia until after he'd stood on top of a tank in defiance of potential assassins. Even then, Mr. Bush seemed to hope that Messrs. Yeltsin and Gorbachev would be equals. Nearly the whole free world had extended diplomatic recognition to the Baltic republics, and the cheerless, unimaginative Mr. Bush was still thinking about it.

The West can't save the Soviet people from disaster. It cannot magically make them over into democrats or capitalists. Grand bargains could likely become grand farces, or feel-good publicity-generating exercises for Americans who don't really understand the economic or the cultural obstacles to the transformation of a diverse and ancient society that is the size of a continent. But there are a few useful things the United States can do, and one of them was suggested by Senator Bill Bradley in *The Washington Post* on August 29: establish, along with the European Community and Japan, a Marshall Plan-style office in Moscow that would provide aid (Mr. Bradley does not say how much) and technical assistance to cooperating republics that establish market economies, agree to trade freely with one another, and reduce defense spending.

Mr. Bradley clearly is trying to encourage economic collaboration by the republics, much as the Marshall Plan encouraged Western European nations to form the Economic Cooperation Administration after World War II, which ultimately led to the development of the European Community. (The swift disintegration of the Soviet Union could make economic reform almost impossible in the short run, but sooner or later, reform and inter-republic collaboration will prove necessary.) Mr. Bradley, a fierce opponent of aid in any form to the old Gorbachev-led Communist regime, now says that conditions are right for an offer of aid, in hopes of stimulating radical reform and private investment.

Another thing the West can do is plan to fight famine this winter. Mass starvation attended the founding of the Soviet Union. To the extent we can, we should prevent its marking also the Soviet people's deliverance from that ghastly regime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISSION TO MOSCOW

One of the less inspiring images broadcast from the Soviet Union last week was that of the new U.S. ambassador, Robert Strauss, speaking to reporters outside the U.S. Embassy shortly after his arrival. Our man in Moscow's on-scene analysis was banal and uncomprehending. "These are happy people," he said of the Russians, adding that he knew what happy people looked like because he had seen them before, elsewhere in the world. For all the glad-handing Texan affability Mr. Strauss brings to dreary Russia, he is clearly a man out of his depth.

The cult of the executive that flourished in the 1980s has led many otherwise sensible people to believe that managerial talent can take the place of experience and substantive understanding. Administration officials argue that Mr. Strauss has the horse sense to surround himself with people who can do what he can't. This may be true to some extent, but a good staff is no real substitute for personal ability, and has not been one for Mr. Strauss in his previous forays into international relations. His two previous diplomatic posts were Special Trade Representative and special envoy to the Middle East, positions he held under Jimmy Carter. His report card shows a "D" and an "F" respectively for these assignments. In trade negotiation, about which he knew, in his own words, "less than a little," Mr. Strauss was outmaneuvered by the Japanese. In the Mideast he is remembered mostly for the comment, made to reporters after a helicopter tour of the West Bank, that he didn't know "why one of them would want it, and why the other would even give a damn." Mr. Strauss served just long enough in each post to have business cards printed. To his credit, he has been forthright about his ignorance about the USSR. Yet somehow, no one seems to think it makes any difference.

One problem for an amateur like Mr. Strauss is that he is in a poor position either to select or to judge the assistants who will be elevated in importance because of his own limitations. It is curious that among the many Gorbachevites at the Department of State, Mr. Strauss selected as his chief assistant Peter Hauslohner, who has a reputation as the most extreme anti-Yeltsinite among them. Like other trend-spotters in the State Department and White House, Mr. Hauslohner will probably shift with the wind and become a retroactive pro-Yeltsinite. But whatever happens, Mr. Strauss will hardly be in a position to second-guess his second-in-command's political judgments.

It is hard to hold Mr. Strauss responsible for his lack of qualifications, though he could have turned down the offer. The real blame must go to President Bush and Secretary of State James Baker, who in the midst of the most significant Soviet crisis since 1917 sent to Moscow an envoy with no relevant experience, no background in Soviet history or politics, and no knowledge of the Russian language. Equally responsible are those in the Senate, particularly the Democrats on the Foreign Relations Committee, who were only too happy to buy what Mr. Strauss might call a pig in a poke. Instead of asking the nominee hard questions about Bush's Soviet policy, his own ideas, and the possible conflicts of interest he faces as an intimate of many of the American businessmen most anxious to exploit the Soviet market, the senators were satisfied with a round of back-slapping and blandishments.

During the forty-five-minute love-in last month that passed for a confirmation hearing, senators made the obligatory point that because of his own success at business, the ambassador-designate would be a powerful symbol for the remaking of the Soviet economy. Mr. Strauss, it is argued, will be both a lure to American investors and a living example to the Soviets of how well capitalism can work. This argument might make more sense if Mr. Strauss had ever contributed to the output of durable goods. Instead, he has distinguished himself as the kind of parasite with which the Soviets are only too familiar. A swinger through Washington's most lucrative revolving doors, Mr. Strauss more resembles the ex-apparatchiks who are cashing in on their connections than the risk-taking entrepreneurs who create wealth. His role as deal-maker and fixer has involved setting himself up as a kind of toll-keeper, whom legitimate businessmen must tip in order to pass unmolested. (See "A Strauss Waltz" by Jacob Weisberg, TNR, January 28.) The pioneer spirit this requires has mostly to do with advancing the frontiers of ethical conduct.

A number of Mr. Strauss's specific financial and personal relationships ought to have been more troubling to the Senate. The most worrying is his link to Dwayne Andreas, the CEO of the world's largest food processing company, Archer-Daniels-Midland. Andreas, a leading exporter of grain to the USSR who stands to benefit when the United States extends agricultural credits, is Mr. Strauss's closest friend. Mr. Strauss agreed to sell $600,000 in ADM stock, and to give up more than $100,000 a year in ADM director's fees. He also agreed to end his financial relationship with PepsiCo, whose former chairman, Donald Kendall, is also a friend, and to sell more than $1 million in company stock. Still, Mr. Strauss's efforts are sure to be colored by who he knows and what they think. Before the coup ADM and Pepsi had a marked preference for making their deals with Mr. Gorbachev and ignoring the democratic forces led by Mr. Yeltsin (though they too are undoubtedly resetting their sails).

Mr. Strauss may be beyond thinking about issues in terms of payoffs from past and prospective employers once he finishes his assignment. But it will be harder for him to put out of his mind the effect of various actions on his institutional legacy, Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer & Feld, the powerhouse Washington law firm he built from scratch. After all, his trade and Mideast assignments both generated much lucrative business for his firm. As a result of his most recent appointment, Akin, Gump is now the most likely rep-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resentative for any businessman who feels official clout will help him make deals in the Soviet Union. The firm has no Moscow office as yet, but it's only a matter of time.

Some Strauss-watchers suggest that he is aware of the risk of getting caught in a conflict of interest, and that he doesn't wish to end his career like his more genteel influence-peddling colleague Clark Clifford. Thus, it is argued, Mr. Strauss will scrupulously avoid any taint of favoritism. On turning 70 a few years ago, Strauss did tell one friend he was ready to quit lying. But it's a bit late in the game to expect the old dog to learn a new trick. We wish Mr. Strauss success in his assignment, but are obliged to say that we don't really expect it.

NOTEBOOK

FEAR OF THE DARK: Stopping to point out that Pat Buchanan has written something absurd and offensive may unfortunately imply that the rest of what he writes is not absurd and offensive. Sometimes, however, Mr. Buchanan is too scary to ignore. Last week, in his *Washington Times* column, he argued that what has made America "so vulgar, so coarse, so uncivil and angry" is nothing less than "a flood tide of immigration [that] has rolled in from the Third World." The difference between the America of the 1950s and that of today is that it is less white: a mere 77 percent European instead of 90 percent. White Americans, he frets, will be a minority by 2050. The rest of the column makes clear that it is non-Caucasians, not immigrants, to whom he objects. Mr. Buchanan carries on, bashing demands for black studies, black fraternities, multicultural education, Malcolm X, black separatism, and attacks on whites by black gangs. In case no one has told him, very few of the blacks ruining his America qualify as immigrants who "rolled in."

REVOLVER: Jack Matlock, the former U.S. ambassador to the USSR, may have set a world record for the speed and enterprise with which he has cashed in on his past service. After a few days back in the United States, Mr. Matlock hired a New York agent, who held an auction among the TV networks that wanted his comments on the coup-in-progress. The result was a $25,000, fifteen-day consultancy contract with ABC News. (He also signed a two-book deal with Random House for an unspecified sum.) April Glaspie must now realize the seriousness of her failure as ambassador to Iraq. When Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait in the middle of her vacation, Ms. Glaspie ought to have resigned her post immediately and found herself a good agent. Why serve as a scapegoat for free when you can analyze events on "Nightline" and get paid for it to boot?

CRIMEAN HOLIDAY: This is a combined issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC. The editors have been working very hard and are in need of a long rest. They will take the week off, and return for the issue of September 30 if they are feeling better.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

GATE CRASHER

By Fred Barnes

Boris Yeltsin and the U.S. domestic policy agenda have something in common. President Bush doesn't relish dealing with either of them. As recently as last June the White House balked at inviting Yeltsin to Washington for a visit with Bush. He wasn't exactly a no-name at the time. He'd already replaced Mikhail Gorbachev as the leading reformer in the Soviet Union and was the popularly elected president of Russia. Yeltsin came to Washington at the invitation of Senate leaders, and Bush met with him in the Oval Office. But it wasn't the same as being the official guest of the president of the United States. Six weeks later Yeltsin suffered another slight. At the Moscow summit he blamed Bush aides for sniggering to reporters that boorish Boris insisted on escorting Barbara Bush to her table at a formal dinner at the Kremlin.

The arm's-length approach and Yeltsin-bashing are now history. (Domestic policy still isn't a Bush favorite.) The abortive coup in Moscow saw to that. Gorbachev was restored to office as Soviet president, but power flowed to Yeltsin. So Bush's chief excuse for ostracizing Yeltsin—that dealing seriously with him would undermine Gorbachev's hold on power—is invalid. Now, in fact, stressing Bush's relationship with Gorbachev might undermine Yeltsin. For Bush, withdrawing his attention from Gorbachev, his pal and ally, is torture. But I think he'll manage it. Bush began to think better of Yeltsin when they conferred in June. His opinion soared during the coup when he talked to Yeltsin repeatedly by phone. Yeltsin is not as accommodating or charming as Gorbachev. But if Bush can get along with a killjoy like French President François Mitterrand, forging a workable relationship with Yeltsin should be a snap.

Besides, Bush owes Yeltsin a debt of gratitude. Yeltsin not only thwarted the neo-Stalinists, he also helped spare Bush some embarrassment. Recall Bush's mushy initial reaction to the coup. He'd been caught by surprise. The night before the coup Roman Popaduik, the deputy White House press secretary, checked with national security adviser Brent Scowcroft at their hotel in Kenne-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bunkport, Maine. Not much is going on, Scowcroft said. They discussed issues such as Iraqi compliance with nuclear non-proliferation treaties. A half hour later, the coup was announced, and Scowcroft notified Bush. The next morning, August 19, Bush mused that the coup might fail, but he was wary of criticizing coup leaders. He might have to do business with them later. His information was sketchy. But he said his "gut instinct" was that Acting President Gennadi Yanayev "has a certain commitment to reform." Bush had gotten to know Yanayev, a Communist Party hack, three weeks earlier when they flew together from Moscow to Kiev.

Had Bush stuck with this indefensible position, he'd have looked weak and indecisive once the coup collapsed. What's more, he *had* been weak and indecisive. This is where Yeltsin comes in. As Bush flew to Washington later on August 19, he was informed of a letter Yeltsin had sent him. It pleaded for Bush to take a stronger stand against the coup. The letter played a part in Bush's decision to condemn the coup a few hours later, as did Yeltsin's public defiance. Back in Washington, the president was briefed by CIA Deputy Director Richard Kerr, who said the coup appeared to be poorly run, a putsch more than a full-fledged overthrow of the government. Others, including Deputy Secretary of State Larry Eagleburger, concurred, and early that evening Bush issued a statement attacking the coup, demanding Gorbachev's return, and vowing to "avoid in every possible way actions that would lend legitimacy or support to this coup effort." It was a statement that stood Bush in good stead for the rest of coup week.

Bush also owes thanks, and maybe an apology, to Robert Gates, his deputy national security adviser and nominee to head the CIA. The "deputies committee" headed by Gates drafted the strong statement. Not only that, in a series of memos to Bush from 1989, Gates had warned against concentrating the U.S.-Soviet relationship on Gorbachev. He was skeptical of Gorbachev's tepid reforms and correctly forecast a steep Soviet economic decline. Gates said there were many focal points for reform and democratization, notably Yeltsin, and Bush shouldn't ignore them. The president spurned this advice. His assessment of Gorbachev had, as Kenneth Walsh of *U.S. News & World Report* wrote, "ripened into outright admiration." He didn't want to downplay Gorbachev by courting his democratic critics.

When a Yeltsin visit was proposed last spring, Gates was the only White House aide who encouraged the idea. (Vice President Dan Quayle is pro-Yeltsin, but he wasn't involved in trip negotiations.) Gates was overruled. Yeltsin had told Allen Weinstein of the Center for Democracy that the main purpose of his trip would be to talk to Bush and members of Congress. But the White House said Yeltsin shouldn't come at all, and didn't yield until Senate Republican leader Bob Dole personally intervened with Bush in May. Dole said Yeltsin was coming anyway at Dole's and Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell's invitation. It would look bad if Bush stiffed him. Of course I'll see him, Bush responded.

He's lucky he did. The one-hour session on June 20 put Bush on friendly terms with Yeltsin and set the stage for them to meet again at the Moscow summit on July 30. Yeltsin did most of the talking, arguing that democratic forces would triumph, in Russia at least. Bush was impressed. He'd encountered Yeltsin once before, in Scowcroft's office in September 1989. Yeltsin was touring the United States at that time, and Bush thought him long-winded and oafish. Afterward, White House aides trashed Yeltsin to reporters. This time Yeltsin met with Quayle both before and after his session with Bush in June, and the veep and Yeltsin got along swimmingly. Still, there was tension. During his talk with Yeltsin, Bush tried to make a call to Gorbachev but couldn't get through. Yeltsin got only a low-level arrival ceremony (a deputy assistant secretary of state was the administration's representative) and no state dinner. The Yeltsin camp took all this as a snub.

There had been other indignities. When Secretary of State James Baker and Commerce Secretary Robert Mosbacher visited Moscow in November 1990, they were scheduled to see Yeltsin. They cancelled when Gorbachev purposely slated a meeting with them at the same time. Last February Baker went to Moscow again. Yeltsin expected him to drop by for a talk. Instead Baker invited Yeltsin to a dinner with the other republic presidents. Yeltsin declined, not wanting to be put on equal footing with the president of Uzbekistan. Then there was the sniping about Yeltsin's conduct at the summit dinner. Actually Yeltsin had a reason for escorting Mrs. Bush. He was seated next to her at the dinner table.

During the coup, Bush's tack was to support Yeltsin's call for the restoration of Gorbachev to power. But he and Yeltsin had something different in mind. For Yeltsin, bringing back Gorbachev was merely a slogan to beat the coup; for Bush it was his fondest desire. At the White House on August 20, Bush said, "We will continue to try to stand with Mr. Gorbachev, as Yeltsin is trying to do." The policy of supporting Gorbachev "remains the best hope for democracy and reform." When the coup collapsed the next day, Bush said Gorbachev "was back fulfilling his duties and calling the shots." That was a pipe dream. Bush went ballistic when a reporter asked if Gorbachev might have been a co-conspirator in the coup. "That's ridiculous ... I would just discount it 100 percent." Anyone who believes it "ought to get with it and understand what's happening in the world." The interesting question is what Bush's tack would have been if Gorbachev *had* been involved in the coup. I don't think he'd have jettisoned Gorbachev altogether.

On August 22 Bush was still extolling Gorbachev. "Let's keep everything in perspective," he said, "and let's recognize that not only is Eastern Europe free, Germany reunited, troops moving back and all of that, but that [Gorbachev] launched a very ambitious program on perestroika and on glasnost." Gorbachev's stature wasn't weakened, he claimed, against all evidence. "This jumping on Gorbachev ... I'm simply not going to be a part of that." His aides didn't make that promise. A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

senior administration official who briefed at Kennebunkport that same day declared, "Gorbachev has been definitely weakened."

The next morning, August 23, Bush discovered how weak Gorbachev had become. Gorbachev's speech to the Soviet Parliament was televised, and Yeltsin's humiliating interruptions made it clear he was in charge. Even Bush understood. On August 20, the coup still alive, Bush typed a list of things to do. One was to keep in touch with Yeltsin. He'll keep up the chain-dialing, and when things cool down in Moscow, an invitation to Yeltsin for a weekend of schmoozing at Camp David is probably inevitable. It can't come soon enough. •

A countercoup of the spirit.

LIVE SOULS

By Vassily Aksyonov

The Red plotters in Moscow preyed upon, and planned to exploit, two basic biological feelings: fear and hunger. For the former they had tanks; for the latter, sausages. Cynical imbeciles, that is to say, typical products of "materialistic philosophy," they regarded the people as Pavlovian dogs. (The prime minister in the Committee of Eight was named Pavlov.) They had no doubt that Muscovites frightened by tanks could be appeased by the immediate delivery of unheard-of stocks of food to the stores, and thus harmony between the people and their new rulers could be immediately established.

For it's logical, isn't it, that anyone confronted with the choice between mortal danger and a good chew would choose the latter? These plotters, in short, appear to have had no idea of the higher reaches of human nature. It never occurred to them that their attempt to restore communism would broach other alternatives to the people of Moscow: between dignity and servility, between humiliation and freedom. Least of all did they suspect that inside the tanks rode human beings, with their own notions of the alternatives.

What a triumph, what a sense of joy, of revelation, of pride, of gratitude! People of my own generation cannot but remember Prague 1968. Why did the bastards again choose the third week in August—to help us experience the historical parallel more perfectly? If so, they certainly succeeded. Twenty-three years ago we were filled, in that third week in August, with hatred and despair; we did not even dare to dream that the Czech liberals would resist or that the Soviet tankmen would not open fire. This time, in this third week of August, the wildest, most metaphorical dreams of our generation came true. The miracle took place. The spiritual revolution envisaged by Tolstoy came to pass.

One analyst wrote of the coup that it was Dostoyevsky at the beginning, the Marx Brothers at the end, that the twilight struggle turned into farce. Not quite. For me it was more a musical development: nameless and faceless dodecaphony at the beginning, then Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, and at the end a real Rite of Spring.

In a way, Russians should be grateful to the bastards for helping them to attain the sense of a new national identity. These three August days and nights resolutely repudiated the cynical idea that Russians want nothing but order, that lousy old euphemism for brutal pseudo-patriotic rule. The Russians proved, without any reservations, that they seek a new, civilized relationship with each other, that they wish to be a part of the civilized world.

It is amazing how wrong the Slavophile chauvinist writers and intellectuals have turned out to be. There is no doubt that they were paving the way for the putsch. One thousand percent Russian, they knew best what Russians really want. Some of them even took part in the final preparations. Three weeks before Gorbachev's arrest and the deployment of the tanks in Moscow, the right-wing newspaper *Sovetskaya Rossiya* published an "Appeal to the Russian People," and among the list of signatories, along with some of the top military brass, could be found some of the most active Nazi-Bolshevik writers, such as Yuri Bondarev, Valentin Rasputin, and Aleksandr Prokhanov.

The wording of this appeal looks like a draft for the junta's communiqué. It was surely written not by people in uniform, but by those "engineers of human souls" in the service of the great fatherland. And in precisely the same spirit the junta deplored, among other things, "the hydra of pornography." The spread of this hydra over the holy land since the beginning of perestroika was one of the major reasons for the arrest of the president and the ordering of troops into the streets of Moscow.

The hysterical screams of the ultra-patriots among the writers have been heard for quite some time, but nobody took them very seriously. The liberal writers had no time to waste on such matters, and so nobody was alarmed, even though there was evidence of close ties between the Slavophiles and the KGB, the Party apparatus and the military establishment. Strangely enough, the only serious reply to the "Appeal" came from their fellow Slavophile, the writer Viktor Astafiev. "Don't trust them," the old novelist warned the television audience, "they want to return you to Communist slavery. They are the bandits of the Black Hundreds!"

In the first week in August I drove by the Gorbachevs' resort near Sevastopol, in the southern Crimea, and noticed the two navy vessels anchored in the coastal waters to guard the president. They turned out to be bad at their job. That same night I saw Colonel Viktor Alksnis, the curly-haired leader of Soyuz, the reactionary group in the Soviet Parliament, on television. I remember being struck by the thought that he sounded like nothing but the spokesman for a draconian regime

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Drug Policy Foundation

salutes

The 1991 Winners of its Annual Awards for Achievement in Drug Policy Reform

Milton Friedman

Nobel Laureate in Economics

The Richard J. Dennis Drugpeace Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Field of Drug Policy Reform $100,000

Police Chief Nicholas Pastore, New Haven — The H.B. Spear Award for Achievement in the Field of Law Enforcement and Control, $10,000 for his compassion towards addicts

Judge Robert Sweet, New York — The Justice Gerald Le Dain Award for Achievement in the Field of Law, $10,000 for his courage as the first federal judge to propose drug legalization

Dr. Thomas Szasz, S.U.N.Y. College of Medicine — The Alfred R. Lindesmith Award for Achievement in the Field of Scholarship and Writing, $10,000 for his books opposing the persecution of drug users

Prevention Point, San Francisco — The Norman E. Zinberg Award for Achievement in the Field of Medicine and Treatment, $10,000 for saving lives by preventing the spread of HIV

Barbra and Kenneth Jenks, Panama City, Fla. — The Robert C. Randall Award for Achievement in the Field of Citizen Action, $10,000 for using their status as AIDS patients to push medical marijuana

These awards are made possible by an earmarked grant from the Chicago Resource Center. They will be presented at the Fifth International Conference on Drug Policy Reform, November 13-16, 1991, in Washington, D.C. The Foundation is a privately funded, independent forum for drug policy alternatives. To support an open debate on drug policy options, send a tax-deductible contribution today to the Drug Policy Foundation, 4801 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Suite 400, Washington, D.C. 20016. Telephone: (202) 895-1634. Fax: (202) 537-3007.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is just around the corner. I'm sure that I was not the only viewer to be alarmed by Alksnis's statements; but again they were not taken seriously, because such statements had all been heard before.

In those early days in August the Russian air was filled with ambiguity, with hopes and fears, with lust and fatigue. Young balladeers in the streets sang songs about the White Army's "irreproachable knights." And towering over them were the same old heavy statues of Lenin, with the same old slogans: "Lenin's ideas are immortal because they are eternal." And finally the ghosts of the past materialized, in the forms of a dozen high-ranking bastards and a thousand tanks.

What happened next might be called, without exaggeration, the greatest and most glorious page in the history of Russia. Challenging what the plotters thought was "common sense," a tall, broad-shouldered man, a former apparatchik himself, repeated almost step by step the famous move made by the Communists' idol seventy-four years ago. With one rather substantial difference: Lenin climbed onto the armored car to announce that communism's time had come. Yeltsin did so to announce that communism's time had gone.

It appears that miracles have been taking place in the souls of millions. "Enough!" shouted everyone. "Never again!" Old women and street punks, Afghan vets and factory workers, militiamen and teenage rockers (the bikers were especially useful as messengers for the resistance), journalists and musicians, intellectuals and bricklayers—all stood arm in arm in their own Tiananmen Square, which the Moscow street, thank God, never became.

I imagine that the intoxication of solidarity can make a man fearless. Happily that same intoxication overwhelmed the tankmen, too, and all the troops that had been readied for a massacre. The disobedience of the soldiers provided the final chords in the great symphony of Russia's spiritual revolution. God's spark was lit in all the hearts in the crowd, including the hearts in uniform. And there was still another call to the nation: of the three young heroes who lost their lives in the confrontation with the coup, two were Russians and one was a Jew. What do you think of *that*, Comrade Rasputin?

These were the happiest days in the life of our generation. Whatever fate has in store for us, now we can say that everything we lived, beginning with the very first steps of resistance decades ago, was worth living. If there is a sense of bitterness in my soul, it is only because I left Moscow for Paris on the quiet Sunday morning of August 18, just one day before the event. While my son stood on the barricades, and my wife joined the crowd that surrounded the White House in the expectation of an assault, I sat with a stack of newspapers in Montparnasse. Paris, with all its glitter, looked dull to me.

VASSILY AKSYONOV is the author most recently of *The Destruction of Pompeii* (Ardis) and *Say Cheese* (Random House).

The coup in Leningrad.

THE APARTMENT

By Anna Husarska

LENINGRAD

Alla Yulievna ran out of sugar by the fifth hour of the coup. Every friend and relative in the vicinity came to her apartment to share the news, and they all wanted their tea with sugar. First there was a phone call from Vitia Pavlovich, a cousin, who told her to turn on the television. The speaker was reading the emergency law. Hearing the dreadful wording of the decree, Alla realized that the situation was indeed an emergency, and she filled up the kettle. Later the state television started broadcasting *Swan Lake* and some Chopin. "Then I really got scared," Alla recalls. "Here Chopin is not music, it's a diagnosis. They always play it to calm us down."

The water was not yet boiling when her neighbor Masha came in. She has her own TV set, but she gets gregarious when tension mounts. Masha brought the news about a spontaneous blockade of the Nevski Prospekt, the main street in Leningrad. The emergency law decree read on all media temporarily forbade the sale of alcohol, so, obviously, people immediately rushed out to buy vodka; the line that normally formed along the sidewalk spread across the street, thus blocking all traffic on Nevski.

Masha was accompanied by Vovka, whose wife left him a month ago. Hearing the news, he forgot his worries and sat in front of the TV for the rest of the day. At home he and his wife had always kept the television on all evening as a source of light (since June there has been an acute shortage of bulbs in Leningrad), but this time he was paying close attention to the screen.

Then Zhenia and Valeria appeared, carrying a watermelon to share with their friends. They called Sasha, a friend in Moscow, whose apartment has windows facing one of the main streets of the capital. Sasha was watching tanks going into the center. A recently enriched private entrepreneur, he has a satellite dish and announced with excitement that CNN was showing those very same tanks on the very same street. "In other words, it doesn't pay to have CNN," commented Alla pragmatically.

Later in the day came Aliosha, a computer specialist. He managed to hook up his terminal through an electronic mail network in California, and his computer pals were asking for news. He wanted Alla's husband, Misha, to translate Yeltsin's appeal to the nation into English so that he could send it to the States. But by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BM

Now enjoy brilliant college lectures in your home or car

With audio and video recordings by SUPERSTAR TEACHERS™— professors most admired by America's students.
Produced in cooperation with THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION Resident Associate Program.

A new venture, The Teaching Company, is searching America's leading colleges and universities for SuperStar Teachers™ — professors whose lecture courses are rated highest by the students themselves in independent course evaluation guidebooks — and recording their lectures for a wider audience.

In cooperation with The Smithsonian Institution Resident Associate Program, top-rated professors thus identified are being brought to Washington, D.C., where their famous lecture courses are delivered before rapt audiences and recorded in audio and video for the enjoyment of present and future generations everywhere.

Each taped lecture series is a condensed eight-lecture version of the professor's one-semester course in the subject. A copy of each recorded lecture is being donated to the Smithsonian Archives.

Audience reactions at the taping sessions have been ecstatic. Written evaluations included comments like, *"I didn't want it to end!"* and *"Had me on the edge of my seat!"*

Noted by Wall Street Journal: When *The Wall Street Journal* takes note of what a company is doing, that's news! And that's what happened in the April 16, 1991 issue, when *The Journal* ran a long story about us headed, "Tapes Take Top Teachers into Homes."

Here are the first courses now available — in audio, video, or both, as noted — for enjoyment in your living room or car, or with earphones while exercising, commuting, or taking your daily walk.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND: AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY. Richard Gerrig, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology, Yale University. One of Yale University's most dynamic and popular teachers uses enthusiasm, wit, and provocative examples to teach you how psychology governs the way we live and how the mechanisms of the human brain help shape that psychology. *"The man is incredible..."* — Yale University Student Evaluations.
Course No. RP-1639. Audio or Video.

POWER OVER PEOPLE: CLASSIC AND MODERN POLITICAL THEORY. Dennis Dalton, Ph.D., Prof. of Political Science, Barnard College/Columbia University. The impact on the world of Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Marx, Freud, Hitler, and Gandhi. The Columbia-Barnard Course Guide said about Professor Dalton's lectures: *"It's a good idea to arrive one-half hour early to get a seat. We're not joking."*
Course No. AI-1448. Audio or Video.

GOD AND MAN: A COMPARISON OF WORLD RELIGIONS. Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. When Dr. Oden taught this subject at Dartmouth, his course was invariably held at 8:00 A.M. in the dead of the New Hampshire winter — and was always full!
Course No. RP-1616. Audio or Video.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, HISTORY: THE LIVE DRAMA AND VITAL TRUTH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Peter Saccio, Ph.D., Willard Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College. As an accomplished actor as well as teacher, Professor Saccio has the rare ability to act out Shakespeare's lines with power and authority...and then to probe beneath the dazzling brilliance for the meanings often hidden to us by three centuries of changes in language and customs.
Course No. LI-1263. Audio or Video.

"In my eight years as Governor of South Carolina, my driving priority was to raise the level of quality of our people's education. This personal interest in education has caused me to pay special attention to worthwhile learning innovations...Thank you for making the real contribution of raising the level of quality of education for all who attend these lectures by video."
Richard W. Riley, Columbia, SC

POETRY: A BASIC COURSE. Allen Grossman, Ph.D., Paul E. Prosswimmer Professor of Poetry and General Education, Brandeis University. Honored in 1989 as a John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Fellow. If you have never had the experience of a brilliant teacher leading you into the shadowy depths of a great poem, this course will be a revelation. **Course No. LI-1270. Audio only.**

MUST HISTORY REPEAT THE GREAT CONFLICTS OF THIS CENTURY? Joseph S. Nye, Jr., Ph.D., Dillon Professor of International Affairs, Harvard University. What are the real origins of 20th century wars, and what role should America play now? Professor Nye's brilliance earned him *"a rating which sets him near the pinnacle of the professorial world"* in Harvard Crimson's Confidential Guide.
Course No. HP-1828. Audio only.

Additional selections available:

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN MIND. Alan Charles Kors, Ph.D., Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania.
Course No. AI-1453. Audio or Video.

DETECTIVE FICTION: THE KILLER, THE DETECTIVE, AND THEIR WORLD. Dennis Huston, Ph.D., Professor of English, Rice University. Honored as 1989 Professor of the Year.
Course No. LI-1284. Audio or Video.

THE AMERICAN MILITARY EXPERIENCE IN WORLD WAR II AND VIETNAM. Lt. Col. (Ret) Robert E. Morris, Ph.D., Professor of Military History, Defense Intelligence College.
Course No. HP-1815. Audio or Video.

THE GOOD KING: THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY SINCE THE DEPRESSION. Bruce Kuklick, Ph.D., Professor of History, University of Pennsylvania.
Course No. HP-1871. Audio only.

THE AMERICAN DREAM. John Roth, Ph.D., Pitzer Professor of Philosophy, Claremont McKenna College.
Course No. HP-1880. Audio only.

A HISTORY OF HITLER'S EMPIRE. Thomas Childers, Ph.D., Professor of History, University of Pennsylvania.
Course No. HP-1805. Audio only.

A MODERN LOOK AT ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION. Andrew Szegedy-Maszak, Ph.D., Professor of Classics, Wesleyan University. A panoramic view of the art, history, and literature of the astonishing ancient civilization that has had such a profound effect on the development of the entire Western world. Student consensus in campus courses guidebook: *"Superlatives, superlatives, superlatives!"*
Course No. AI-1421. Video only.

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES. Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. A critical encounter with important views of the human condition as discussed in the works and lives of Socrates, Augustine, Kant, Hegel, Mill, Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud. *"It will change your life."* — Duke University Teacher/Course Evaluation Book.
Course No. AI-1469. Audio or Video.

To order, mail coupon below or call

1-800-832-2421

(Ask for Operator 187, 9AM-5PM EDT)
FAX: 1-703-528-7510

THE TEACHING COMPANY
Dept. 187
P.O. Box 96870
Washington, DC 20090-6870

Please send me the following SuperStar Teachers College Lecture Course(s), each consisting of eight 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome storage cases.

PRICES

VIDEO: One course, $149.95. Two courses, $129.95 each. Three or more courses, $109.95 each.
AUDIO: One course, $89.95. Two courses, $79.95 each. Three or more courses, $69.95 each.

COURSE NO.	AUDIO OR VIDEO?	PRICE
$5 per course, shipping & handling:		
Sales tax if in VA (4.5%):		
TOTAL:		

❑ Check enclosed (to The Teaching Company).
❑ Charge to my ❑ Visa ❑ MasterCard

CARD NO: ..... EXP. DATE: .....

SIGNATURE .....

NAME ..... *PLEASE PRINT*

ADDRESS FOR UPS DELIVERY ..... PHONE .....

CITY & STATE ..... ZIP .....

❑ Check here if you're not ordering now but would like to receive a copy of our catalog with additional information on courses and about our Rental Option Program.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time they had dug out a bottle of vodka to cheer themselves up and to steel themselves for the labors of translation, Alla heard on the little radio in the kitchen that Voice of America was broadcasting the appeal in English. They finished the first bottle of vodka anyway, even though it was half of the family's monthly ration.

Alcohol rations are an important tool in the political life of the Soviet Union. For cousin Vitia, the promise made by the State Emergency Committee (GKChP) that the stocks of vodka would soon increase was a hint that the coup organizers were amateurs. Every child in the Soviet Union knows that since the anti-alcohol crusade a few years ago many vodka production lines have been destroyed. Quick increase of production was an empty promise. All of Vitia's co-workers at the mining institute agreed that this coup couldn't last long if the *putschisti* were unable to handle even such an elementary question as vodka rationing.

The second and last bottle this day was consumed after the mayor of Leningrad, Anatoli Sobchak, appeared on the local television station, which, unlike the Moscow station, did not shut down in spite of the emergency law. By now there were fifteen people at Alla's apartment drinking vodka (with watermelon as an appetizer) to celebrate the fact that the tanks did not enter the town. This was a result of the agreement between Sobchak and the commander of the army in Leningrad, Lieutenant General Victor Samsonov. The mayor assured the general that there would be order in the town, and in exchange obtained a promise that the tanks would stay outside the city.

In his television address Sobchak called for a demonstration the next day at 10 a.m. at the Palace Square. Misha and Aliosha decided to go. When Alla tried to convince her husband to wash the dishes before he left for the barricade, he said that she was public enemy No. 9, coming just after the eight GKChP guys. He also refused to drop off the laundry on his way to fulfill his patriotic duty. At the Palace Square 300,000 people turned up to show their support for the constitutional order, and Sobchak declared the coup illegal. Misha screamed with the others, "Down with the Junta," "Long Live Yeltsin," and "Democracy."

When Misha went home in the evening, Leningrad television was screening a new Soviet film, *No Return*, the story of a plot by the KGB and the army to overthrow the Soviet government. Alla was in the kitchen preparing food for all those visitors who stayed to watch the film, and when she came into the room she couldn't tell whether it was the film or a news broadcast.

On the third day it was obvious that the coup was an aborted one. The all-Soviet television was broadcasting the special session of the Russian Parliament in which it was announced that members of the GKChP were to be arrested. For Leningraders, who had had uninterrupted access to their local television and radio stations, the change was less perceptible, but for most of the Soviet Union this was the first time since the night of August 19 that they watched truthful information. And daring comments too. "Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev had seventy-two hours of free time to evaluate seventy-four years of communism," the "Vesti" news broadcast on August 21 declared. "We hope that he will take the side of the nation that has saved him from his former Party comrades."

At the Palace Square a rock concert was organized to celebrate the victory. Dmitri Dmitrievich, one of the militiamen keeping order in front of the Hermitage, had some harsh remarks about Gorbachev: "He should have been kept one week in isolation in Crimea. Maybe he would have come to more adequate conclusions." On second thought, he added: "Well, it doesn't matter anymore, does it? Who needs Gorbachev, after all? In Russia we have Yeltsin and our Sobchak, and most other republics want to drop out from the Soviet Union altogether."

For the next three days all television stations were reporting on the suicides and arrests of former Party, government, and army officials; on the interdiction of Communist Party activities and the confiscation of its goods. Leningrad television broadcast a chronicle of "The 72 Hours" and invited to the studio an ex-combatant from Afghanistan. He proudly showed the diploma the Russian Parliament had given him for his participation in the "defense of the White House." "Look here, I even have the signature of Mikhail Gorbachev on it. True, he does not enjoy any authority now, but a signature is a signature." Half an hour later we learned that Gorbachev had stepped down as Party general secretary, and Lena Konstantinovna, another neighbor, rushed in with her last half bottle of cognac.

ANNA HUSARSKA is a frequent contributor to TNR.

The end for Soviet Communists.

EMERGENCY EXIT

By Jacques Rupnik

The three days that shook the world mark the clinical death of Soviet communism and of its empire. The end of Communist ideology can be traced to a successful coup: the Red Army's crushing of the Prague Spring and the 1968 hopes of rejuvenating socialism. The collapse of communism as an economic system was part of the Brezhnevian legacy; it was accelerated by six years of perestroika

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under Gorbachev, which reduced the Soviet superpower to an international beggar. But even after it should have been dead, the body kept twitching. Thanks to the failure of the coup, it has finally stopped.

Communism's resilience depended on its compelling technique for the seizure and the preservation of power. As elaborated by the Bolsheviks in 1917, Soviet revolutionism had been successfully exported: from the Baltic countries in 1940 to Cambodia, from Budapest to Ethiopia. In the Prague coups of 1948 and 1968, in the takeover in Kabul on Christmas 1979, and in General Jaruzelski's putsch against the Solidarity movement in Poland in December 1981, the same basic ingredients were present: the preventive and massive arrest of political opponents, the control of all communications networks, roads, airports, the telephone, and the media, especially radio and television.

None of this worked on August 19, when the Soviet Union's self-proclaimed saviors decided to put an end to six years of the "chaos" called perestroika. Unable to perform their classical role, the Soviet Communists were doomed once and for all.

Their failure, which sprang from a mixture of incompetence and lack of resolve, leaves a number of questions unanswered. The popular resistance of the democratic forces led by Boris Yeltsin was impressive testimony to the rebirth of a democratic movement in Russia. Yet its size (a few tens of thousands at most) was nothing that a Communist army could not have handled in the past. In this case, the putschists did not give themselves the means to succeed. The key seems to be the lack of cohesion and the ability to act on the part of the three main forces involved in the coup: the Red Army, the KGB, and the Party. There seem to have been differences about the aims and the scale of the operation among the three pillars of the Soviet system. And the right hand, it seemed, did not even know what the left hand was doing.

The assumption that the army and the KGB were the only institutions that had not been undermined by six years of perestroika has been elegantly disproved. The army, demoralized since the defeat in Afghanistan, the forced retreat from Eastern Europe, and the social problems upon returning to the Soviet homeland (not to mention ethnic rivalries within the ranks), has experienced the same decay as other Soviet institutions. According to Vladimir Lopatin, the deputy head of the Russian Defense Committee, more than 50 percent of young officers voted for Yeltsin in last June's presidential elections, and an estimated quarter of the colonels are Yeltsin supporters.

Even the KGB is no longer what it used to be. Because it knows best the society it is supposed to control, the KGB ultimately was reluctant to launch its 230,000-strong forces into a civil war. As for the Party, it remained strangely silent—as if taken aback by Gorbachev's reluctance to play the part designed for him by the martial law committee. Ultimately the coup failed because it was halfhearted, just like everything that has come from Gorbachev's Soviet Union. A halfhearted restoration of the old order after six years of halfhearted reform.

But the failure of the coup meant that a radical breach with the Communist system was necessary. This was the lesson drawn by the supporters of the democratic movement in Russia led by Yeltsin. Meanwhile, Gorbachev, misunderstanding the formidable leap forward of the democratic forces in the aftermath of the coup, continued to talk about reforming the Party, until Yeltsin forced him to dissolve it. Temporarily united against the putsch, Yeltsin and Gorbachev are heading for a major clash: not just of personalities but of political strategies for the post-Communist era. This is a clash between two symbolic figures, one hoping to reform a dead system and the other leading the democratic revolution; in some ways the clash is reminiscent of the dispute between Dubček and Havel in Czechoslovakia. If the Czechoslovak case is anything to go by, Gorbachev, without a power base and confined to a largely ceremonial role, will soon be leaving the scene of history.

The coup also heralds the death of the Soviet empire. It was staged on the eve of the signing of the new union treaty, obviously to prevent a negotiated compromise about the redistribution of power between the components of the union and the center. Indeed, the only explicit ideology of the coup instigators was not classic Marxism-Leninism but the Russian imperial idea. The failure of the coup has exploded that idea and jeopardized the initial compromise solution. What might have been acceptable to the Soviet republics before the coup is not anymore. The aborted coup has accelerated the dash for independence at the periphery of the empire. To leave communism has become synonymous with leaving the Soviet Union.

Here again the key to the outcome of the breakup of the empire will be Yeltsin. Until now he has played skillfully the national Russian card against the Soviet center, thus allying himself with the Balts and other independent-minded republics. Now, however, he is in the position to conquer the "center" left semi-vacant after the aborted coup. Will he be tempted to fill that vacuum and expand his power base? And if so, might that not come into conflict with the decolonization process under way?

The defeat of the coup, Yeltsin declared, was "a victory for Russian democracy." And, indeed, for the first time since 1917 Russian history is being made by the people. The challenge to the heroes of 1991 is to recognize that the birth of Russian democracy must mean the death of the Soviet empire as well.

JACQUES RUPNIK, professor at the Fondation National des Sciences Politiques in Paris, is author of *Le Nouveau Continent* (Calmann Levy).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The party of Yeltsin routs the party of Gorbachev.

WHEN PUTSCH COMES TO SHOVE

By Tatyana Tolstaya

Everybody knows how to pull off a coup d'état. You must identify and destroy your principal enemy, so that the crowd has nobody to support; you must cut off all communications that might assist your enemy in making contact with the outside world; you must dispatch troops into the centers of potential resistance (troops that differ in nationality and religion from the people you wish to suppress); and you must mollify and reassure the people with the immediate distribution of food, drink, and goods.

But nothing of the kind was done in Moscow. It was clear from the reports that everybody was disappointed by the performance. Even the defenders of the Russian White House were wondering: Why didn't they cut off our telephones? And why didn't they sever our satellite connections with the Americans? And who was the asshole who dispatched the Taman division, that Potemkin village of the Soviet army, composed mostly of Moscow boys who are the lucky sons of high-ranking officials, this division that exists solely to show foreigners that our soldiers are handsome and well fed?

Ted Koppel asked this same question of the very wise Aleksandr Yakovlev. And Aleksandr Nikolayevich answered correctly: "Fools." And repeated several times, with laughing eyes, "Fools. Fools." Asked why Gorbachev got involved with these fools, Yakovlev answered that it is a personal mystery and one should ask Gorbachev himself for the answer. Of course, everybody *does* ask Gorbachev, but he says only: "This was my mistake. I trusted them, especially Kryuchkov and Yazov."

We have heard this answer endless times. Indeed, we have been hearing many things for a long time. But did we grasp the clear and unambiguous signs, the voices that were warning us? It seems to me that we had the answers long ago to the questions that we are asking now.

If we had not been so afraid on the night when those thousands of people stood around the White House in the Moscow rain and nobody knew what to expect, and if the capacity for clear and calm thinking somehow had not failed us, it would have been obvious, the moment that we saw the faces of the plotters and the trembling hands of Gennadi Yanayev, and heard the incoherent, stammering speeches of these creeps, and especially when we heard the laughs of the journalists who covered their pronouncements, that the coup had collapsed. Fools generally do not realize that they are fools, that one can read their faces like an open book, that it is impossible to conceal your own nothingness.

Still, what about Gorbachev? How to explain that he chose each of these scoundrels the way one chooses melons at the market, studying them carefully to determine their ripeness, sniffing them, and finally taking them along? Or that he didn't listen to dozens of his close advisers, to hundreds of well-meaning citizens in the parliamentary institutions, to tens of thousands of common people who tried to shout the truth loudly for him, using all possible means, radio, newspapers, TV? He had even been careful to select his own man, the disgusting Leonid Kravchenko, as head of Soviet television, a man who gagged the mouths of all free-thinking TV journalists, destroyed excellent political and cultural programs, fired lots of good people, and retorted to those who protested: "I came to carry out the will of the president." And lastly, how to explain that Gorbachev took no action against Valentin Pavlov, Boris Pugo, Vladimir Kryuchkov, and Dmitri Yazov, when they tried to depose him openly in June? "We have no differences with Comrade Pavlov," Gorbachev said on that occasion.

So what *is* the matter with him? The answer is that Gorbachev is simply of a piece, from head to toe, with those who made the coup. He was always a participant in the plot: not the plot that was carried out on August 19, but the plot that has always existed, which is the plot of the Communist Party against the people, of parasites against their own serfs, of dictators against democracy. One judges a man by his actions, and all of Gorbachev's actions showed that he desperately tried to stop the reforms in which he did not wish to participate any longer. The logic of democratic development, after all, required that he too be swept from his post and stripped of his position, his perquisites, his glory.

Perestroika was started largely in order to provide a better life for the Party authorities, but things got out of hand. Instead of feeding the Party more fully, perestroika saw the people moving—awkwardly, nervously looking over their shoulders, bitterly fighting with one another—toward democracy. (Gorbachev liked to speak not of

TATYANA TOLSTAYA is the author of *On the Golden Porch* (Knopf), a collection of stories.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO EARN GOOD MONEY WHILE HELPING TO CLEAN UP THE ENVIRONMENT, END DISCRIMINATION, FIGHT APARTHEID, IMPROVE HIGHER EDUCATION, SUPPORT FAMILY FARMS, SLOW THE ARMS RACE AND ENCOURAGE RENEWABLE ENERGY.

Some people don't care where their money goes, as long as it returns a profit. Working Assets was founded for people who do care. For people who want their money invested in companies that are both financially and socially responsible.

For us at Working Assets, it's been a heartening experience. We've found that often companies most concerned about people and the planet are also the most soundly managed. Which makes for a sound investment.

We've also been delighted by the number of people who want to put their money where their hearts are. This attitude has made us nearly a quarter billion dollar money fund. If you call or send us the coupon, we'll mail you our prospectus and details on our IRAs. They'll show you how much good you can do for the world, while doing very well for yourself.

WORKING ASSETS MONEY FUND NR 91
230 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94111

Yes, I'd like to know about socially responsible investing. Send me your prospectus containing more complete information about your fees and expenses. I will read it carefully before I invest or send money.

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Phone

$1000 minimum initial investment. Distributed by Working Assets Capital Management. Investments in money market funds are neither insured nor guaranteed by the U.S. Government. There is no assurance that the fund will be able to maintain a stable net asset value of $1.00 per share.

☐ Ask about our IRAs, too.

WORKING ASSETS
MONEY FUND

Call us at 1 800 533·3863.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracy, but of democratization, which prompted the joke that the difference between democracy and democratization is like the difference between a canal and canalization.) When the dangerous question of party privileges inevitably arose, Gorbachev tried to avoid it in every way. True, he had to sacrifice a few especially extravagant swindlers; but it is an old Russian tradition to appease the angry crowd by throwing a few boyars from the terrace of the palace onto the pitchforks below.

Meanwhile, in those early years of perestroika, Boris Yeltsin, who was still not widely known in Moscow but was quickly gaining popularity, happened to be one of those odd people who are indifferent to privileges, who really do like to work and really do believe in the work ethic. Yeltsin destroyed the cozy nest of the high-ranking Party officials who were his colleagues in the Moscow branch of the Party; he fired the thieves and insisted that those who remained get to work. Word soon got out that this man was honest, straightforward, genuinely interested in doing something for the people. His popularity soared.

It was then that the famous personal clash between Gorbachev and Yeltsin occurred, the details of which are still unknown. Word has it that Yeltsin spoke of Raisa in a way that her husband did not like, and attacked the privileged position of the general secretary himself and his reluctance to renounce the old style of life. Yeltsin was ousted from all his positions, suffered a heart attack, and became a hero. Indeed, he achieved the status of folklore: he was a Stenka Razin (a Robin Hood), a fool at court who dared to speak the truth to the king and paid the price. The enthusiasm for Yeltsin was extraordinary. Nearly everybody voted for him in the first elections for the Soviet Parliament. He was so popular in Sverdlovsk, where he used to live, that the citizens bought up all the tickets to all the trains to Moscow, and traveled there in great numbers to cast their votes, to increase his plurality in the capital.

It was not long before there were two "parties" in the Soviet Union. There was the party of Yeltsin, consisting of all the democratic forces, plus the crowd, plus a part of the intelligentsia, plus assorted common people who wanted a change; and there was the party of Gorbachev, the party of central government, of empire, of the traditional institutions of Communist rule. All the forces in the party of Gorbachev, or "the center," were bent on the destruction of Yeltsin. The battlefield was all of the Soviet Union, every precinct of Soviet society, because the party of Yeltsin seemed to have representatives everywhere. So Gorbachev and his people began to take coup-like actions: to slander, or better, to kill Yeltsin (there were a number of attempts on his life), to cut off his communications (they attempted to ban him from television, and later delivered Soviet television entirely into the hands of hard-liners), and so on. The most successful operation was to turn the nationalities against one another in the Baltics, in Nagorno-Karabakh, in Ossetia, and elsewhere.

The "center" watched with pleasure as the feeling of helplessness grew in the camp of its enemy, whose arsenal consisted mainly of good intentions. Whenever democrats accomplished something constructive, a presidential decree banning all similar initiatives followed. The "center" attempted to prosecute business people, to take away their money, to choke them with taxes, to search their offices and apartments, to arrest them. They banned demonstrations in Moscow, stationed troops in the city, invented unconstitutional measures to deprive democrats of the few freedoms that remained. The Communist Party and the KGB collaborated almost openly.

Last December, as his closest economic and political advisers have testified, Gorbachev stopped replying to letters, to telephone calls, to other direct appeals. Eduard Shevardnadze quit. Magazines could not be printed because the price of paper increased tenfold. (The Party press, of course, was not affected.) Why didn't the "center" close the country's borders? It did not fear the brain drain. Conservatives don't need brains. Anyway, the brain drain was actually a drain of democrats, and this suited the powers perfectly. They knew that it would be easier to deal with those who stayed behind.

In the aftermath of the great event I must recount an intriguing story that I heard last summer in Moscow. It was told to me, secondhand, by one of the most respected democratic leaders in the country, who is a People's Deputy and a member of the Supreme Soviet. I had asked for his opinion of the strange incident in which Yeltsin fell into the river, which was reported all around the world. According to the reports from Moscow, a drunken Yeltsin, carrying flowers, was on his way to see a certain lady, who worked as a maid in a village in which only high-ranking Party officials lived. At the door of her house—again, according to the reports—Yeltsin was met by his rivals for her affections. Yeltsin tried to get rid of them, shouting: "Do you know who I am?" To which they replied, "Now you will know who we are." Whereupon they beat him up, threw him in the mud, and chased him away. It was said that Yeltsin went to the river to wash off the mud, and fell in. Then he began a quarrel with some policemen nearby, and managed to draw the head of Moscow police into the incident, and in no time at all there was an international scandal. Yeltsin never offered a comprehensible explanation of the episode, though there was a bizarre exchange about the incident between him and Gorbachev, as if it were a matter of significance. Gorbachev's delight at Yeltsin's trouble was plain.

My friend told me that what we had all heard was bullshit. He had established the truth from a reliable source, which was this. It was Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov's birthday, and Yeltsin, who used to work with Ryzhkov in Sverdlovsk, decided to throw convention to the winds and to use the occasion to make peace, to restore his relations with his political rivals. He bought flowers for Ryzhkov and his wife, and set out for Ryzhkov's dacha, which was protected by cordons of police. At each cordon he was stopped and interrogated, and slowly he approached the dacha. When he appeared at the house, Ryzhkov's guards announced that Yeltsin was there and wished to see him. The appearance of their enemy at the door, uninvited and in flagrant violation of protocol, outraged the company within. And that company, according

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to my friend's source, included Gorbachev.

Gorbachev barked an order: "Give that piece of shit a good bath!" Yeltsin was seized, dragged into the house, and it was not long before he found himself drenched. Then his wife and daughter were summoned to retrieve him, and in the time it took them to reach the dacha and the wet and humiliated Yeltsin, the KGB trashed their apartment. When they returned home, they found their place turned upside down and a note threatening Yeltsin with retaliation against his wife and his daughter if he reported the incident. Thus it was that Yeltsin found himself at the center of a scandal that he could not, or would not, explain.

That same evening, said my friend, "I went to bed without knowing what had happened, and as usual I unplugged my telephone, which otherwise never stops ringing. Early in the morning, however, I was awakened by the phone. It was Kryuchkov. 'Good morning, my dear,' said the chief of the KGB, as if we were old friends. 'Did you hear what Boris did yesterday? What a tough guy! Imagine, at his age, he still has a mistress!'" And Kryuchkov proceeded to tell my sleepy friend the version of the scandal that became known around the world the following day.

When Kryuchkov hung up, my bewildered friend sat up and realized that his unplugged phone had rung anyway. In the early hours of the morning, the chief of the KGB had called and merrily told a ribald story about Yeltsin that should be of no interest to him. The only possible explanation was that a provocation had been staged, however clumsily, into which they wished to draw him. My friend, you see, is a man known for his honesty, and the KGB thought that his honesty would be useful: the version of the incident that *he* circulated would be believed. How they managed to make his phone work remains a mystery. My friend suspects that they entered his apartment while he slept and reconnected it. When he told me this story, he was at my apartment. He told me that he was being watched by the KGB, and showed me the car outside my window. We went into the courtyard of my building, where a church stands. A painter was sketching the church. When my friend left, the painter left too. So did the car.

I have heard many firsthand accounts of Gorbachev's rudeness, which do not surprise me, since rudeness is a characteristic trait of high Party officials. And I have often thought that there is a limit to the humiliation that you can inflict upon someone else. If you push your victim over the line, you may break him forever, which is the objective of Communist regimes, or you may make him stronger, and impossible to break. Under intense pressure, coal turns into diamond.

BORIS YELTSIN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Maybe something of that kind happened to Yeltsin, who has been humiliated by many, many people, including his former colleagues in Moscow, the mass media of the United States (who made him into a buffoon), and the American government. These were all people without a sense of history, and with a misplaced sense of propriety, and a tendency not to see beyond appearances. There has been much snickering about the fact that Yeltsin drinks, that he arrives late at breakfasts with rich and influential people, that he demands an audience with the American president. Only a week before the coup, *Newsweek* reported that Yeltsin eats caviar and butter with his fingers.

This need to present Yeltsin as a wild, disheveled, Rasputin-like figure, to mock him publicly, could be forgiven (why not have some fun at a politician's expense?) if the stakes were less important than the disposition of power in the world's other superpower, which owns a spectacular nuclear arsenal and works hand in hand with the terrorists of the world. I may be exaggerating, I know, but still I believe that if the Russian public were as prudish, and as easily offended, as the American public, if Russians were to play along with Kryuchkov's plan and agree that a colorful private life discredits a political leader, and therefore turn their backs on Boris, then the coup of August 19 would have succeeded, Gorbachev would be dead, the cold war would be revived, Eastern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe would be stained with blood, and Russian tanks would be in Berlin. (Recall the uncertain fate of the nuclear codes during the days of the coup.) Fortunately for Russia, scandals of the Gary Hart-like variety leave us indifferent.

It appears that everybody underestimated what has taken place in Russia during the past two years. In the United States, more attention was paid to Mrs. Bush's dog than to Boris Yeltsin. But the dog, who is extremely cute, never put her paw to a nuclear button. Gorbachev's command did. And step by step Gorbachev let the coup happen. What provoked the plotters, in fact, was not that he was moving with them, but that he was not moving as fast as they wished to move, and so they decided to get rid of him. *That* is what Gorbachev meant by "treachery." After all, they had a deal: he wanted only to be No. 1, and they had agreed.

The fact that he himself had betrayed the country did not occur to him. For the truth is that lately Gorbachev more and more openly stood at the head of the resistance to reform. And this was more and more openly discussed in the Soviet media. In the West, however, nobody wanted to listen. He is so nice, he has such a winning smile, he has such a tasteful wife. President Bush repeated and repeated that Gorbachev confirmed his commitment to the path of democratic reform and we must help him in every way possible and blah blah blah. The fact that conservatives in the Soviet Union were loudly demanding Gorbachev's resignation contributed to the mass deception in the West.

A Russian who reads American newspapers and watches American television cannot recognize his or her country from these reports. I am acquainted with many Western journalists. They speak pretty good Russian. They are intelligent. They understand what is happening. But what do we read in their reports? Typically, we read this:

> Moscow, June 14—Soviet people are experiencing hard times. "We are experiencing hard times," says Ludmilla, 36, a fat woman with a tired face, and the mother of two children.
>
> Ludmilla does not know what she will feed her children, if famine comes. She does not know what will happen tomorrow. She does not know what will happen in a year. "I don't know," she says, shaking her head.
>
> "I don't know either," says Yuri, 25, a young businessman with closely cropped hair, in blue jeans and a Pepsi T-shirt. What does Yuri think of America? "Oh, you are happy people, you Americans," says Yuri. "You can drink Pepsi every day."
>
> Soviet people want democracy. They want to drink Pepsi and wear jeans. They don't know whether they will be able to wear jeans in a year.

Meanwhile, Soviet newspapers and magazines during the past year have been bursting with real information and fine analysis. Of course they too have been stupid, vulgar, ridiculous, and uncertain. But together the strengths and the weaknesses of Soviet journalism have amounted to all the material that a thoughtful person requires for an understanding of the Soviet Union today. The affiliation of various papers with various organizations; their mastheads and their tables of contents, and the changes in their staffs; the numbers of copies printed and the manner of their distribution (by the newsstands or by hawkers in the streets, in Moscow or all over the country); the presses at which the papers are printed; the prices of the papers (the democratic papers cost more); the typical whereabouts of the various editors (Vitaly Korotich of *Ogonyok* is in New York, Yegor Yakovlev of *Moscow News* is in Moscow); the scandals among the editors and writers (thirteen editors of *Ogonyok* recently left and founded the new magazine *Russian Visa*; Vitaly Tretyakov recently left *Moscow News* and founded *The Independent*; the wa[illegible]led by Anatoly Lukyanov at *Izvestia*, in which hard-liners tried to take control of the paper)—all this was breathtaking, and together formed a battleground of Tolstoyan proportions.

The showdown between the party of Gorbachev and the party of Yeltsin, in short, has been clearly visible. So was the birth, and the quick growth, of what Russians call the "third force," or fascism, which found a great deal of nourishment in the atmosphere created by Gorbachev. In the last elections for the Russian presidency, 7 percent of the voting population gave their votes to Vladimir Zhirinovski, the leader of the so-called liberal democratic party who is generally believed to represent the KGB. He pretended to speak for the political center, and with amazing ease he obtained an audience with Gorbachev, who is inaccessible to the democrats. Our conservatives played glasnost for all it was worth, and enjoyed to the ugliest their right of free speech. And Gorbachev, who is certainly not a fascist, was well-disposed toward these people. Why, then, need we speculate about his political orientation?

Human ingratitude is a marvel. Yeltsin surrounds himself with democratic forces and people tired of communism. Gorbachev promotes the scoundrels to the highest posts in the land. Yeltsin issues decrees to loosen the deadly grip of the party. Gorbachev issues undemocratic decrees that are simply unconstitutional. The smartest people take Yeltsin's side. Gorbachev's command consists of fools and knaves. Gorbachev falls victim to his own intrigues, casts the country into danger, and nearly perishes himself. Yeltsin, in unequal battle, with no weapons, wins the day, and saves the life of Gorbachev and his family. It becomes plain to everybody in the country that the Communist Party and the KGB lack all legitimacy and deserve to be dismantled, and Gorbachev solemnly proclaims his faith in the ideals of communism. After two days of post-coup pressure, Gorbachev reluctantly concedes and quits the Party, in defiance of the very ideals to which he swore fealty only a few days before. And what is the result, at least in the days immediately following the crisis? The Western media still awards laurels to Gorbachev. His departure from the Party is discussed reverently, as if it were his doing, not Yeltsin's.

Human blindness is also a marvel. I doubt that the historian and commentator Stephen F. Cohen would like to live under communism. But when Yeltsin destroys the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS FROM AMERICA'S LEADING PUBLISHER OF PUBLIC POLICY BOOKS

THE AEI PRESS

Confronting the Constitution
The Challenge to Locke, Montesquieu, Jefferson, and the Federalists from Utilitarianism, Historicism, Marxism, Freudianism, Pragmatism, Existentialism...
edited by Allan Bloom
1991, 604 pp.
Paper $16.95 Cloth $24.95

Exporting Democracy
by Joshua Muravchik
1991, 269 pp. Cloth $24.95

The Future of Germany and the Atlantic Alliance
by Constantine C. Menges
1991, 225 pp. Cloth $24.95

Reshaping Western Security: The United States Faces a United Europe
edited by Richard N. Perle
1991, 190 pp. Cloth $22.95

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Rise of Radical Egalitarianism
by Aaron Wildavsky
1991, 350 pp.
Paper $24.95 Cloth $54.95

THE CENTER FOR NATIONAL POLICY PRESS

Adolescence and Poverty: Challenge for the 1990s
edited by Peter Edelman and Joyce Ladner
1991, 200 pp.
Paper $16.50 Cloth $45.00

Regulating for the Future
edited by Carol Tucker Foreman
1991, 200 pp.
Paper $23.75 Cloth $40.75

THE ETHICS AND PUBLIC POLICY CENTER

Capturing the Culture: Film, Art and Politics
by Richard Grenier
1990, 300 pp. Cloth $24.95

Points of Light: New Approaches to Ending Welfare Dependency
edited by Tamar Ann Mehuron
1990, 154 pp.
Paper $20.50 Cloth $38.50

Racial Preference and Racial Justice: The New Affirmative Action Controversy
edited by Russell Nieli
1990, 350 pp. Cloth $25.95

FREEDOM HOUSE

After the Velvet Revolution: Vaclav Havel and the New Leaders of Czechoslovakia Speak Out
edited by Tim Whipple
1991, 342 pp.
Paper $14.95 Cloth $27.95

Freedom in the World: Political Rights and Civil Liberties, 1990-1991, *compiled by the Freedom House Survey Team*
1991, 490 pp.
Paper $19.95 Cloth $49.50

Ireland Restored: The New Self-Determination
by Vincent J. Delacy Ryan
1991, 494 pp.
Paper $29.50 Cloth $54.00

GEORGE MASON UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Rights Retained by the People: The History and Meaning of the Ninth Amendment
edited by Randy E. Barnett
1991, 350 pp.
Paper $16.95 Cloth $54.25

JERUSALEM CENTER FOR PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Two Peoples...One Land: Federal Solutions for Israel, the Palestinians, and Jordan
edited by Daniel J. Elazar
1991, 216 pp.
Paper $14.95 Cloth $42.50

JOINT CENTER FOR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC STUDIES

Black Elected Officials 1990: A National Roster
compiled by the JCPES staff
1991, 516 pp.
Paper $29.50 Cloth $55.00

MADISON BOOKS / ECONOMIC STRATEGY INSTITUTE

Powernomics: Economics and Strategy After the Cold War
edited by Clyde V. Prestowitz, Jr., Ronald A. Morse, and Alan Tonelson
1991, 320 pp.
Paper $16.95 Cloth $24.95

THE UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION OF THE U.S.A.

A Global Agenda: Issues Before the 46th General Assembly of the United Nations
edited by John Tessitore and Susan Woolfson
1991, 250 pp.
Paper $18.95 Cloth $44.50

THE URBAN INSTITUTE PRESS

Competition among States and Local Governments: Efficiency and Equity in American Federalism
edited by Daphne A. Kenyon and John Kincaid
1991, 392 pp.
Paper $26.00 Cloth $60.00

The Economic Future of American Families: Income and Wealth Trends
by Frank Levy and Richard C. Michel
1991, 148 pp.
Paper $15.25 Cloth $31.50

The Paper Curtain: Employer Sanctions' Implementation, Impact, and Reform
edited by Michael Fix
1991, 250 pp.
Paper $21.25 Cloth $48.50

THE WHITE BURKETT MILLER CENTER OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Constitutionalism and Human Rights: America, Poland, and France
edited by Kenneth W. Thompson and Rett R. Ludwikowski
1991, 392 pp.
Paper $17.75 Cloth $32.75

The U.S. Constitution and the Constitutions of Latin America
edited by Kenneth W. Thompson
1991, 200 pp.
Paper $17.50 Cloth $41.00

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF AMERICA

Making American Foreign Policy: President-Congress Relations from the Second World War to Vietnam
by Philip Briggs
1991, 292 pp.
Paper $23.50 Cloth $38.50

Taking the Constitution Seriously
by Walter Berns
1991, 288 pp. Paper $23.00

Available through
UNIVERSITY PRESS OF AMERICA
4720 Boston Way
Lanham, MD 20706
(301) 459-3366

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communist Party, a criminal organization if ever there was one, which cast its shadow over half of the world and almost an entire century, and was responsible for the death of scores of millions of people, the only thing that Cohen worries about, at least on television, is that Yeltsin is not playing according to democratic rules, that in his bold and peremptory blow against the Party he does not follow the rules of the democratic textbook—as if democracy in the Soviet Union could be born in any other way, as if democracy is a Platonic thing that is indifferent to the circumstances in which it finds itself and must follow clear and ideal formulas.

A man who watches a wolf devouring his child does not begin a discussion of animal rights. And if he does, he is doing the wolf's work. I can understand, in a way, the hypocrisy of a man like A. Shalnyev, a correspondent for *Izvestia* who deplores the undemocratic closing of *Pravda*, who says that he would prefer that *Pravda* compete with the democratic press in a free market, which is a bit like proposing that a beggar compete with Donald Trump in a free market. Shalnyev was a faithful servant of communism even before perestroika. I expect nothing else from him. But the homemade leftism of those who were lucky enough to be born in a free society is another matter. It is not less foul because it is so familiar.

I am grateful to Stephen F. Cohen for reminding us of the danger of what he called the "mob." I share these anxieties. I insist, however, that the historian's erudition is glib and misapplied, that the people who surrounded the White House in Moscow and brought the first stirrings of real democracy to Russia do not deserve to be called a mob. This time the crowd was not the mob. This time the crowd was the people. It was one of those rare moments when the crowd is transformed, by truth and by danger, into something higher, not something lower. Every one of the men and women who assembled outside the Russian Parliament building left his or her home alone, and headed in the rainy night toward the danger without any certainty that they were joining anything larger or safer than themselves.

It is amazing, this sweet and shared sensation of the road to freedom, this sudden smashing of the prison doors, this deep intake of oxygen after decades of foul vapors. My phone rings endlessly. American Russians are calling, Russian Russians are calling. They call to congratulate all of us, and to laugh with joy. Never in my life did I expect to hear so much Russian laughter. •

The unleashing of Soviet nationalisms.

THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT

By Walter Laqueur

How great a matter a little fire kindleth! When Gennadi Yanayev informed the world on August 19 of Mikhail Gorbachev's sudden illness, he and his fellow plotters could not possibly have foreseen the consequences of their action: the burial of communism in Russia and the disintegration of the Soviet Union as we have known it in our time.

Rumors about an impending coup had been rampant for a long time. Even dates had been hazarded in September and October last year, and again in December. Eduard Shevardnadze had warned in his resignation speech of a coup. Aleksandr Yakovlev, once Gorbachev's closest ally, had mentioned this threat on August 1, and again a few days before the tanks began to roll, when he resigned. On July 22 an open letter had been published in *Sovetskaya Rossiya*, the mouthpiece of both the Communist diehards and the nationalist party: "How could it have come to pass that we left in power people who do not love this country, who behave like lackeys vis-à-vis their well-wishers from overseas?" The appeal stated that there were more patriotic leaders to be found in Russia, and that the armed forces would support them in accordance with their sacred obligations. The manifesto was signed not only by several leading publicists of the right, but by the commander of the Soviet army, General Valentin Varennikov, and the deputy minister of the interior, General Boris Gromov (of Afghanistan fame). They, too, had been appointed by Gorbachev, who left soon afterward for a well-deserved holiday in the Crimea.

After the coup Yakovlev related a conversation with Gorbachev in which the president had dismissed the warnings: "They are cowards, they won't dare...." In fact, the eight members of the "Emergency Committee" were neither adventurists nor right-wing extremists. They were cautious, middle-of-the-road apparatchiks

WALTER LAQUEUR is the author of *Long Road to Freedom: Russia & Glasnost* and *Stalin: the Glasnost Revelations*, both published by Macmillan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC POLICY

BULLETIN BOARD

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION

Monthly Briefing Tapes. Information-packed audio reports from The Heritage Foundation will keep you ahead of today's and tomorrow's key issues. Each month you'll receive 2 timely briefings that focus on the critical problems facing America in the 90's. *"These tapes offer a monthly dose of common sense. You'll wonder how you ever got along without them."* — House Minority Whip Newt Gingrich. 12 issues only $99. Credit cards accepted. Call 202-675-1753.

RAND

Compensation for Accidental Injuries in the United States. A comprehensive national survey of costs, recovery, the nature of the mishaps, which victims use the tort liability system and why. Summary $4, full report $20. 213-393-0411 x6686.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION

From Welfare to Work by Judith M. Gueron and Edward S. Pauly. "We now have a historic opportunity to help welfare recipients become self-sufficient. But for that to happen, we must learn the lessons contained in From Welfare to Work." Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. 336 pages; Paper $12.95, 0-87154-346-X; Cloth $34.95, 0-87154-345-1. To order call 1-800-666-2211.

THE CENTER FOR LEGAL STUDIES

Constitutional Commentary. An interdisciplinary, readable, faculty-edited journal of Constitutional law and politics from the University of Minnesota Law School. Spring 91 articles by John Hart Ely, Herman Belz. $7.50/issue. 612-625-8034.

AMERICAN COUNCIL FOR CAPITAL FORMATION CENTER FOR POLICY RESEARCH

Economic Effects of the Corporate Alternative Minimum Tax. Reveals that the corporate AMT handicaps U.S. business by raising the cost of capital for new investment and thus provides an edge to our foreign competitors. 158-page monograph. $25. 202-293-5811.

FREEDOM HOUSE

The Politics of Psychiatry in Revolutionary Cuba by Charles J. Brown and Armando M. Lago. "A 'must' for students of Cuba, the Americans, or just the malleable human mind."—Georgie Anne Geyer. This carefully documented study examines how psychiatry has been abused by the Castro regime to silence political dissent in Cuba. 240 pp. $14.95. 1-800-289-8880.

WORLD PRIORITIES

World Military and Social Expenditures 1991 by Ruth LeGer Sivard. Fourteenth edition of award-winning report on the state of the world and its misdirected priorities. A valuable resource for both scholars and activists. 64 pp., 34 charts and maps. $6.50 (pre-paid). Box 25140, Washington, DC 20007.

FOUNDATION FOR ENTERPRISE DEVELOPMENT

The Future of the Corporation: Hybrid Ownership. Proceedings from a FED/Aspen Institute seminar on implications of the growth of employee and institutional shareholders on corporate communications and decision making. 52 pp. $5.00. 703-749-9080.

THE PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD IS AN ADVERTISING SERVICE OF THE NEW REPUBLIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who made the decision, without apparent enthusiasm, to depose the man who had appointed them. They assumed that a stand had to be made in defense of their power and the privileges of their caste. Marx once noted that ruling classes seldom if ever surrender their positions voluntarily, and Russia was no exception.

The plotters were also convinced, not without reason, that the policies pursued by Gorbachev had failed, that Gorbachev was utterly discredited, that order had to be re-established ("no more experiments") to prevent general chaos and economic ruin. As far as they were concerned, their own interests and those of their country coincided. They also thought that a mere show of force would be sufficient to defeat the liberals and the separatists.

Hence the curious halfheartedness in the execution of the coup. It goes without saying that if it had been executed by the obvious candidates (the black colonels of the nationalist Soyuz faction), or if the leading figures of the old regime had been assassinated or merely arrested, or if the Russian Parliament had been stormed by a few tanks and communications had been cut, the insurgents would have stayed in power for the next five or ten years. Of course, they would have failed in the end; but the years between would have been exceedingly uncomfortable ones for the Soviet Union and the rest of the world.

Myths spread fast, and it is now widely believed that the coup, carried out by a group of adventurers of the extreme right, was defeated by the people's power. But the gang of eight was not defeated by the people of Moscow. The Soviet capital is a city of some 10 million inhabitants. (Nobody knows the exact figure, because there are many hundreds of thousands of *limitchiki*, illegal residents over and above the official limit imposed.) Of these, according to a poll carried out on the second day of the coup, some 73 percent were opposed to it. But these 73 percenters did not take to the street. They were anxious, they were grumbling, but they thought it was no good to argue with tanks. Most of them also went to work. It was owing to Boris Yeltsin and his supporters—several thousand determined men and women defending the Russian Parliament during the critical hours of Monday and Tuesday—that Russia's honor was saved.

There was more opposition in Leningrad than in Moscow, and there was resistance in the Kuzbas region of Siberia and even in the Far East. But the first reaction from the republics was either favorable to the coup, or very cautious (the Ukraine, Kazakhstan). Not a single republican leader outside the Baltic countries condemned the coup. Islam Karimov of Uzbekistan welcomed it as "vital for the restoration of discipline." Nursultan Nazarbayev of Kazakhstan, the cleverest and most progressive of the Central Asian leaders, carefully refrained from denouncing the coup until it became clear that it had failed. By Wednesday Karimov and Nazarbayev announced that they had left the Communist Party in protest and that they had banned Party cells in government. Sviad Gamsakhurdia of Georgia, living up to his reputation as an eccentric, did not condemn the plotters either, albeit for different reasons. As he saw it, Gorbachev himself had engineered the coup, and he stuck to this version even after the coup had failed.

The Orthodox Church leaders did not respond for many hours to Yeltsin's appeal to condemn the coup. Aleksandr Bessmertnykh, the foreign minister, announced that he was running a temperature, and went fishing: an old Russian anti-pyretic. The Soviet envoy to Japan declared that the coup was absolutely necessary, and forty-eight hours later said that he was truly relieved that Gorbachev was back as the stabilizer. Guerman Gventsadze, the Soviet chargé in Dublin, called the coup constitutional, and observed that the emergency committee had wide popular support. (Two days later he made it known that his original statement had been misinterpreted.) There were countless such cases, and even more cases of fence-sitting. Mass support for Yeltsin materialized only on Tuesday night. By Thursday, however, hundreds of thousands demonstrated, and on Saturday a million people paid their last respects to the victims of the coup.

Why did the committee fail, if there was so little resistance? The answer is that there may not have been much active opposition to the plot, but there was not much public support for it either. The conspirators did not seem to have a majority of votes for convoking the Central Committee, which would have given their action at least an aura of legality. Worse, there was no unanimity in the army and the KGB. Some key commanders, such as the head of the air force, but also some naval, KGB, and parachute commanders, refused to cooperate. These were not great liberal reformers; they simply did not want to become involved in party politics. Among the army commanders, there was apparently a majority in favor of a military show of strength—but not in favor of bloodshed.

The plotters could still have proceeded with their plans, using some reliable elite units to storm the Russian Parliament and to arrest the main oppositionists. They could have called for mass demonstrations against Gorbachev; and it is quite likely that they would have had a big crowd in the streets of Moscow, for Gorbachev's unpopularity is legendary. But this went against their grain. The conspirators were not populist rabble-rousers, and their hands were trembling. At this stage, in the late hours of Tuesday afternoon and into the early hours on Wednesday, their resolve faltered. There was no obvious leader among them to stiffen their backbone, and the first defections took place: Valentin Pavlov suddenly developed high blood pressure, and Anatoly Lukyanov simply kept in the background. The old Bolsheviks had known the golden rule of insurgency: to press ahead relentlessly once the decision to act had been taken. But the plotters of 1991 were not of the caliber of Lenin and Trotsky. They were bureaucrats, not professional revolutionaries. They ignored a rule that any self-respecting nineteenth-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century insurgent would have regarded as rudimentary.

The coup was in considerable part the result of Gorbachev's long-standing failure to act decisively. In the early years he had been a major liberating force. Perhaps he even knew, back then, what he wanted to achieve. But he never had a clear, consistent course of action. He veered left and swerved right. He pushed through all kinds of half-baked projects. He did not defend his democratic allies, and he made many disastrous appointments. He postponed for too long action on the status of the non-Russian republics. And thus, in the end, he found himself virtually isolated. Yeltsin, on the other hand, showed not only courage but a faultless sense of timing. His choice of advisers and assistants, moreover, was infinitely superior to Gorbachev's. He deserved to emerge as the hero and the victor of the August revolution.

And yet, in the final analysis, is it fair to put all the blame on Gorbachev for the failure of reforms? He had no power base other than the Party, the KGB, and the army, and they did not want radical change. He inherited an economy and a social system that no longer functioned. He faced political apathy among the masses, a lack of initiative and creativity, an absence of a civic spirit and a democratic tradition. Thus he lost, within two years, all political credit. But even a political genius might not have succeeded in these conditions. Surely it was unrealistic to hope that the consequences of seventy-four years of Soviet rule could be overcome within a few years. And a well-meaning compromiser was certainly not the right candidate for the demolition job.

Then, almost miraculously, the movement for radical reform was given a second chance as the result of a bungled coup carried out by the wrong plotters at the wrong time. The opportunity was seized by Yeltsin, not by Gorbachev. He, Gorbachev, failed to understand that within three days a revolution had taken place. The results of that revolution are known: the breakdown of the Union and the passing of the Communist Party as the ruling force in the country. It is the most important political change in the Soviet Union since 1917. But it is also a giant step into the unknown. The components of the Soviet Union are now as close to chaos and to ruin as they were before the gang of eight made its move.

The breakdown of the Union was probably inevitable under the circumstances, but it is still a disaster. For it is a retrograde development. At a time when all over Europe the general trend is toward unification, the tendency among these newly independent states is toward separatism. Much worse, since none of the new independent republics is ethnically homogeneous, and since the new rulers will not be primarily concerned with the rights of minorities, all the preconditions will now exist for national strife on a massive scale. Some of the minorities may leave: it is unlikely, for instance, that many Russians will stay in Central Asia. But their return to Russia, embittered and without means, will only add to the social and political ferment.

In the Caucasus, a civil war has been raging for the last two years, and it is impossible to see what force will now prevent open warfare between Armenia and Azerbaijan and between Georgia and the Ossetians. The predominantly Russian inhabitants of the eastern Ukraine have not much in common with the Ukrainian-speaking (and Uniate Catholic) western Ukrainians, and the willingness on both sides to make compromises cannot be taken for granted. Westerners often talk about Muslim Central Asia as if it were an entity, but the only common feature among its inhabitants is their hatred of the Russians. National tensions there are running deep, and once the Russians are gone, the situation may well turn into a brutal free-for-all. Even inside the Russian republic there are strong separatist movements: the Tatars in the Kazan region have insisted on autonomy for a long time, Siberians want their own republic, and there is trouble in the Crimea and elsewhere.

Although Yeltsin has been generous vis-à-vis the other republics, he certainly has no wish to liquidate the RSFSR. In the short run, the Russian federation, Azerbaijan, as well as the five Central Asian republics might sign a new Union treaty, and White Russia and the Ukraine can perhaps be persuaded to enter into a close relationship with the new confederation. From the Russian point of view, close cooperation with the Ukraine is infinitely more important (for historical and political reasons as well as economic ones) than the link with the Central Asian republics and Azerbaijan, the most backward and the most corrupt parts of the former Soviet empire. Their interest in perestroika and glasnost is strictly limited; they wish to maintain the link with Moscow because they vitally need Russian economic support. But sooner or later they will break away, and Russia will be considerably better off without them.

The new political map of the former Soviet Union will not be firmly established for years to come. Perhaps there will be greater willingness to cooperate once the euphoria of independence-at-any-price gives way to a sober confrontation with economic realities. Most of the newly independent republics will lose their traditional markets and will be saddled with industries (more often than not geared to work for the defense sector) for whose output there is no demand. Once the Ukraine was a major food exporter, but Western Europe produces much more food now than it can consume, and the last thing it needs is the import of steel and similar commodities. Illusions about speedy integration into a common European market are bound to fade very soon in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

The Russian republic is the only force that counts in terms of world politics. Yeltsin's position seems unassailable at this moment; he boldly seized the initiative, and the old Communists are on the run. But there is a mass of discontented people, and as the domestic situation deteriorates they will gain new courage. The bungled coup makes a repeat performance in the very near future

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unlikely, but in a year or two there could well be another attempt to turn back the clock, carried out by men whose hands may not tremble. Indeed, since the present honeymoon will not last many months, even a legal constitutional challenge to the reformers cannot be excluded.

Although communism is widely detested, the democratic movement in the Soviet Union has not yet put down deep roots. Outside Moscow, Leningrad, Sverdlovsk (Yeltsin's erstwhile power base), and a few other major cities, old-style Communists are still in power and the majority of the population has been apathetic. White Russia is still known as the Soviet Vendée (a reference to the most counterrevolutionary region in France at the time of the revolution), even if its head of government had to resign. As Christ stopped at Eboli, glasnost and perestroika never really transformed Odessa and Rostov, Baku and Saratov, Perm and Gorki, Novorossisk and Chabarovsk. Whoever has visited the cities of Central Russia not that far from Moscow, places such as Vologda and Yaroslavl, Tula and Tambov, Tver and Kaluga, knows that virtually all the key positions of power, in politics as in the economy, are in Communist hands.

It is comparatively easy to make changes in Moscow and Leningrad. Who will replace the local bureaucrats, the police chiefs, and factory managers elsewhere? After 1917 it took the Bolsheviks four years to prevail outside Moscow and Leningrad. Today the Communists are more deeply entrenched in these places than the czarist bureaucracy was (and there are many more of them), and it is doubtful whether Yeltsin has four years at his disposal. Lenin and Trotsky sent the Red Army to suppress local uprisings: Yeltsin will probably not be able to do the same.

Many millions of Party and state bureaucrats will now lose their jobs, not to mention the army and state security officers. Unlike after 1917, however, there will not be a mass exodus of the losers. The Russian nationalists were caught off balance by the coup of the gang of eight, and by Yeltsin's decisive action. Still, sooner or later they will rally again to their cause. There are millions of them. They are firmly convinced that the loss of empire was brought about by an act of high treason. They are anti-Western, anti-Semitic, populist opponents of the liberalization of the economy. They believe in a united, indivisible Greater Russia. Some elements of the old Communist Party will transform themselves into Social Democrats, but others will join forces with the extreme nationalists, and this may pave the way for a second coming of National Bolshevism. This will be abetted by the existence of a considerable *Lumpenproletariat*: in the recent RSFSR elections, Vladimir Zhirinovsky, a rabble-rouser who was almost certainly sponsored by either the Party apparatus or the KGB, polled some 8 million votes on a platform whose most prominent plank was the lowering of the price of vodka.

The new Russian federation, in sum, will be a giant cave of Adulam in which the great mass of discontented will gather. If they find a charismatic leader, and if the shortages should become even more acute, a new bid for power is almost a foregone conclusion.

How long will Yeltsin and his supporters be able to maintain the momentum of their campaign, and what can we do to help?

After a recent visit to Germany, I returned with the clear impression that East Germany is about to turn the corner. There is still much discontent, and it will probably take another two years until significant sections of the population will enjoy the fruits of the recovery. To achieve this, West Germany had to invest sums much greater than originally planned: up to the end of next year, the total may well amount to about $150 billion. And East Germany was a country of less than 17 million. The Soviet Union, by contrast, counts some 295 million inhabitants. The sums needed for the rebuilding of the Soviet economy ought to be measured in trillions. The fact that the East German work force was of a higher caliber, and that the old Soviet Union (with its division of labor of sorts) is now dissolved, does not help either.

The United States' capacity to help is limited by its enormous domestic problems. The Japanese are reluctant, Germany has given more than the rest, and the other Europeans talk of hundreds of millions when hundreds of billions are needed. It has been argued by some misguided spirits in the West that Gorbachev fell because the West refused to give him the economic help he needed. But no amount of Western loans and credits would have made the difference, because under Gorbachev the preconditions for improvement, that is to say, structural change, did not exist. They do exist, however, under Yeltsin.

Help, urgently and on a massive scale, is now needed—not so much in money, but in kind (for example, food to alleviate critical shortages). Above all, it is necessary to modernize the Soviet communications system, which is, at the present time, the essential precondition for economic progress. Such first aid cannot come from the private sector; Soviet foreign reserves are down to between $6 billion and $7 billion. Its debt repayment bill will be more than twice that much toward the end of the year. The prospect of these enormous quantities of assistance may not be a very tempting proposition for the West, but the alternative is even less inviting. It will certainly be more expensive to contain Yeltsin's successors.

The shock waves of the Russian earthquake will continue, and the ultimate outcome of the present struggle for power in Moscow will not be certain for a long time. Yeltsin and his opponents might be challenged in the capital. Almost certainly there will be open and passive resistance on the local level. It is not at all clear that the cause of freedom and radical reform will prevail in the near future. And it will be a near miracle if it triumphs peacefully, without the application of force. With some luck, Russia might escape another ruinous civil war. But there are no certainties, except that the country has now entered, at long last, the post-Communist stage of its history. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BRILLIANCE OF BACH

YOURS FOR JUST $1 with membership

—with no obligation to buy again ever!

SAVOR THE ELEGANT ARTISTRY OF JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH'S CONCERTI. This exquisite music of intricate beauty and grace is performed by the internationally renowned Orchestra of St. Luke's of New York, a most distinguished ensemble.

This special collection highlights various solo instruments ranging from harpsichord to oboe and violin, all in delightful repartee with the orchestra. Experience the splendor of the Concerto in D minor for Harpsichord and Concerto in D major for Three Violins. Relive the charm of the popular Concerto in A minor for Violin and Concerto in C minor for Oboe and Violin.

Rarely will you find four concerti of this high caliber brought together on one recording. It's yours now through this special Society invitation for just $1—on your choice of compact disc, cassette, or LP—with no obligation to ever buy another selection. This majestic edition—painstakingly engineered and recorded to deliver state-of-the-art audio reproduction—is available to you from the private library of the Musical Heritage Society.

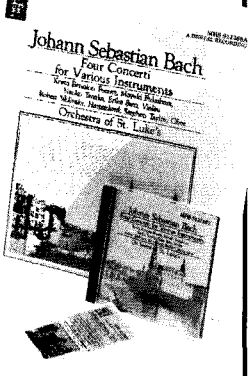
It's the world's most beautiful music at the world's most beautiful prices.

THE MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY: A QUARTER CENTURY OF MUSICAL EXCELLENCE. The Musical Heritage Society has issued the most splendid recordings—and made them available *exclusively* to Society members. Each year, the Society issues about 200 new recordings of such masters as Albinoni, the Bachs, Beethoven, Berlioz, Buxtehude, Charpentier, Corelli, Couperin, Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Lully, Monteverdi, Mozart, Pergolesi, Purcell, Scarlatti, Schubert, Telemann, Torelli, Vivaldi, and many others. Our recordings traverse all musical periods in great depth: Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo, Classical, Romantic, Modern and Contemporary.

Many of our releases are the *first and only recordings*...meaning these are selections the "general public" will not be privy to. Over 200 Society recordings have been honored with the coveted GRAND PRIX DU DISQUE and other international awards—attesting to the standards of excellence of Society selections.

NO OBLIGATION TO BUY AGAIN. Yes, you accept only the recordings you *truly* desire from our exclusive library of over 3,000 private Society recordings. Take as few or as many selections as you fancy. There is no minimum purchase obligation. No club "commitment." Positively no obligation to ever buy another recording unless you want to.

ACT TODAY AND GET THIS MAGNIFICENT RECORDING FOR JUST $1. You can't find more beautiful music at any price. So we suggest you reply today. This superb state-of-the-art recording is yours on your choice of compact disc, cassette, or LP for just $1 when you accept our invitation to become a member of the Musical Heritage Society.



ACT NOW!

YOU'LL ALSO RECEIVE A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO OUR "MEMBERS ONLY" MAGAZINE. Each issue is chock-full of superb classical music selections, along with insightful editorial features about interesting conductors, composers, and their musical works. It makes for excellent reading.

STATE-OF-THE-ART RECORDING QUALITY. You'll be delighted by the Society's wide variety of magnificent selections...and by the state-of-the-art recording techniques and reproductive quality we insist upon. You'll find no finer musical fare...no finer recording quality anywhere. Society editions are not available in any store at any price. They are musical treasures...made available exclusively to Society members.

FREE "Members Only" Magazine. It's called THE MUSICAL HERITAGE REVIEW and it's sent to you every 3 weeks (18 times a year). Each issue contains superb offerings including Featured Selections.

BUY ONLY WHAT YOU WANT! If you want the Featured Selections, do nothing—they will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just mail the form provided by the date specified. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS TO DECIDE. If the REVIEW is delayed and you receive the Featured Selections without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return them at our expense.

NOTHING MORE TO BUY—EVER! You have no obligation to buy more recordings and may cancel your membership at any time. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy at least one recording in any six-month period.

Limited to new members. One membership per family. Valid only within the 48 connecting United States. We reserve the right to reject any application. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

REPLY FORM—MAIL TODAY TO: ***0826517**

MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, 1710 Hwy 35, Ocean, NJ 07712

☐ YES! I enclose $1. Send me the Society's recording of BACH: FOUR CONCERTI FOR VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS—and enroll me as a member of the Society. Establish an account in my name and begin my FREE subscription to the MUSICAL HERITAGE REVIEW.

I understand that there is never any purchase obligation, no minimum number of selections that I must buy in the future, and that I may cancel my membership at any time.

My payment of $1 is enclosed. Please send my introductory recording as a:

☐ Compact Disc #41X, $1.00 ☐ Cassette #42T, $1.00 ☐ Record #43L, $1.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ APT. NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

☐ Please send me FREE information about Jazz Heritage, the no-purchase-obligation Club for Jazz Lovers!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Transmigrated Souls

Kenneth Branagh tells us in *Beginning*, his precocious autobiography, that when he was a boy in Belfast he fell in love with American films. This was not specifically evident in his marvelous *Henry V*, but it's the whole being of **Dead Again** (Paramount). Directed by Branagh and starring him, the new film is a busy series of homages to directors who awed him, most notably Welles and (the American) Hitchcock.

Scott Frank's screenplay is a murder mystery involving transmigration of souls. A pianist is murdered in Los Angeles in 1949; her husband, a German-refugee composer, is executed for the crime. Emotions about the crime, including guilt and fear, are transmitted forty years later to an L.A. private eye and an amnesiac young woman. Both couples are played, with varying accents, by Branagh and Emma Thompson (his wife). Prominent in the drama of transmigrated complications is a hypnotist, Derek Jacobi. The music, as well as the playing of two bit parts, is by Patrick Doyle. All these people were involved in *Henry V*; more, Jacobi once directed Branagh in *Hamlet*.

Also present are the priceless Robin Williams, as a defrocked psychiatrist who now works in a supermarket and does his consultations in the meat refrigerator; Hanna Schygulla, the scintillation of so many German films, who has a (seemingly) small part as a housekeeper; and Andy Garcia, hot shot of *The Godfather III*, who is an ultracool reporter here.

The plot is so twisty, with many journeys back and forth in time, that it takes a little while to get the lie of the land in which we are supposed to feel *frissons*. These do start to come, in some measure, about one-third of the way along. And we all know, through the very multiplicity of clues, through the very atmosphere of the piece, that what looks like the approaching solution of several mysteries will not be the solution: there will be a last-minute surprise.

Hitchcock is drawn on for tricky characterizations (the hypnotist and his invisible mother) and for visual motifs (scissors). *Citizen Kane* is openly invoked with a visit to an elderly man in a rest home who is forbidden to smoke (remember Joseph Cotten in the hospital) and a shot near the end, through forbidding gates, of a mansion (remember Xanadu). The cinematography by Matthew F. Leonetti gets the film-noir maximum out of the 1949 sequences, especially in a gigantic party that, though brightly lighted, looks ghastly. Peter E. Berger's editing, fitting together the two time frames in chunks and slivers and subliminal flashes, is modeled on Hitchcock and profits by it. Doyle's music does its high-gloss mystery job very well.

Branagh's voice doesn't improve; it still doesn't match his ambition. This is particularly evident in his scenes with the mellifluous Jacobi. But he has energy and truth. Thompson has everything: talent, style, intelligence, and (like Streep) an instinct for avoiding platitude in run-of-the-mill reactions and responses. In the '49 segments, Branagh, bearded, does Welles and Vincent Price with some conviction; Thompson is the romantic actress that Merle Oberon wanted to be. In the present-day sequences, a curious contrast: Branagh tries hard, and pretty successfully, to slip into the conventional breezy private-eye role, while Thompson does her impressive best to escape the conventions of her role. As for Williams, I'd like him to be in about every fourth film that I see.

Two points. Even if this film were more gripping than it is, and it grips somewhat, it would be a bit disappointing because it aims so low. Let's hope that Branagh now has the Hollywood adoration out of his system. But in any event, he is a phenomenon. He was born in December 1960, has already had a breathtakingly extensive career in theater, film, and TV, has made *Henry V*, has since been touring the world with his Shakespeare company, and now makes this complicated thriller. Who could not watch his future with keen interest?

Alan Parker's **The Commitments** (20th Century-Fox) proves yet again that, if you want to freshen up a familiar story, just put it in an unfamiliar setting. Fundamentally, and a bit unfairly, this film could be called the same old "Hey, kids, let's put on a show" idea, only this time it's in Dublin.

Not the tourists' Dublin, but the dirty, impoverished, cheap-apartment-project Dublin that is almost interchangeable with such settings in many cities around the world. The "show," in this case, is an Irish soul band, and the film deals with its formation and fate.

Jimmy (Robert Arkins) is a young man mad about American soul music and also mad with the idea of forming a

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Boyz N the Hood. *Not especially original filmmaking, but the subject—the sheer difficulty of survival—is treated with power. (Reviewed 9/2/91)* **Hangin' with the Homeboys.** *Young blacks and Hispanics in the South Bronx. Episodic, deftly structured account of hanging out, done with insight, humor, compassion. (8/5/91)* **Jungle Fever.** *Blacks and Italians, mostly in Brooklyn, mostly middle class. Spike Lee's latest, built around interracial love, is erratically written but strongly directed. (7/29/91)* **Straight Out of Brooklyn.** *Blacks, working-class. Despite ungainly touches, this drama of a housing project has pathos and force. Written and directed by 19-year-old Matty Rich. (8/5/91)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

group to play the Irish equivalent. We follow his travails until he has the musicians collected—all young except for one middle-aged trumpeter. Jimmy finds a lead singer (Andrew Strong, 16 years old and with an iron voice) and three female back-up singers. The pianist is a medical student stealing time from his exams.

Dick Clement, Ian La Frenais, and Roddy Doyle have crafted a screenplay from a novel of Doyle's that deals with the struggles, setbacks, and gains in launching the group. They call themselves The Commitments, committed to expressing the feelings of the Dublin working class in soul music. Their explanation for using an American black style: the Irish are the blacks of Europe, and the Dubliners, especially those in this area, are the blacks of Ireland.

I know zilch about soul and can't comment on how good the band is or how well Dublin "blackness" comes through in their music; but this film, sharply edited by Gerry Hambling, makes the recruiting of the band, the irregular rehearsals, the byplay all amusingly bitter and vice versa—except, now and then, for a line of dialogue that's utterly incomprehensible.

It's the being and atmosphere of dirty Dublin that give the picture its pull, the sense that Parker (who is English) has made a picture about this working-class district with the band story as the instance, rather than using Dublin as background to the band's story. In 1980 Parker made *Fame*, which was a glitzy film about gifted New York high school youngsters aspiring to Broadway show biz and moving upward. *The Commitments* ends differently, which may be Parker's final comment on Dublin.

But long after the story and the music have faded, the quick sketches will remain, the grime and fighting, the tacky flats—especially the occasional lone horse grazing between dreary apartment buildings. One day Jimmy comes out of a lift (elevator, of course) on the ground floor to meet a boy about to get in with a horse. Jimmy asks if he means to take the horse in the lift, and the boy replies yes, the horse can't manage the stairs. •

Robert Brustein on Theater

The Use and Abuse of Multiculturalism

Few will deny that the idea of "cultural diversity," however confused and jumbled its current applications, originated in warm humanistic feelings and progressive social values—chiefly, in a desire to celebrate the many different racial, ethnic, and sexual strains and backgrounds that constitute the quilt of American society. Anyone old enough to remember the 1950s will have no difficulty recalling how uniform life seemed in those years when, to judge from such pop culture canvases as Nunnally Johnson movies and Ozzie and Harriet sitcoms (the theatrical equivalent being Wilder's *Our Town*), virtually everyone living in Eisenhower America seemed to belong to a prosperous white family named Jones living in an Eden called Main Street. Dotted with steepled churches and corner drugstores, and populated by a bland assortment of teenagers who spent their leisure drinking ice cream sodas and dancing the Lindy when they weren't walking a dog named Spot, this America was a land of milk (homogenized) and honey (vitamin-enriched), whose Rotarian inhabitants had a Pepsodent smile for everything except acne, the neighborhood bully, and the Communist Menace. Anyone not middle class, middle of the road, and pink of skin was more or less invisible, while non-Caucasian cultural expression was usually relegated to out-of-the-way venues like Harlem nightspots or Basin Street jazz clubs.

It is commonly assumed that the chief developments that helped to revise this stubbornly false image, aside from Elvis Presley, Marlon Brando, and the Beats, were the civil rights movement, the Vietnam War, and the radical '60s. Each contributed a means of making the invisible visible, partly through political action, protest, and street theater, and partly through clamorous demands for equal rights and cultural recognition. Before long, homogeneous America had turned into a host of competing heterogeneous enclaves, each demanding its own share of media attention, admiration, awards, and foundation funding—a development soon to be subsumed under the blanket terms of "multiculturalism" and "cultural diversity."

To these causes I would like to add

Prize-Winning Books from Yale

Inquiry and Change
The Troubled Attempt to Understand and Shape Society
Charles E. Lindblom

"This **provocative, clearsighted** treatise offers a devastating critique of massive public apathy and the restricted flow of information. . . . **A yardstick for knowledge-seekers in all fields.**" —*Publishers Weekly* *Winner of the APSA's Woodrow Wilson Foundation Book Award for 1991* $29.95

Co-published with the Russell Sage Foundation

The National Security Constitution
Sharing Power after the Iran-Contra Affair
Harold Hongju Koh

"[Koh] has rendered a major service by illuminating the seriousness of Iran-Contra and proposing remedies that match the magnitude of the problem." —Louis Fisher, *Constitution* *Winner of the APSA's Richard Neustadt Book Award for 1991* *A Yale Fastback* $35.00 cloth, $14.95 paper

The Logic of Congressional Action
R. Douglas Arnold

"An outstanding piece of work. . . . [It] fills a serious gap in the theoretical literature on Congress, and it does so clearly, elegantly, and persuasively." —Gary C. Jacobson *Winner of the APSA's Richard F. Fenno Prize for 1991* $29.95

Yale University Press
92A Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another, the collapse of communism at home and abroad. The growth of "multiculturalism" in America, unique though it may be, would seem to coincide with similar ethnic movements in Europe following perestroika and glasnost, notably the struggle for independence by the Baltic republics and other states in the Soviet Union, and the conflicts over autonomy among the Serbs, the Slovenes, and the Croats in Yugoslavia. In the East, there has occurred a breakdown of monolithic central government that has unleashed a long-repressed sense of particular ethnic and cultural identity. In the West, of course, the story has been different; and yet the end of the cold war, the loss of a threatening outside enemy, has provided the occasion for a turning inside, for a new insistence upon inner differences and domestic divisions.

When the unifying (though negative) icon of the Enemy Without is lost, it is replaced by the Enemy Within. Now that the right can no longer blame Communists for subverting our national morality, it has concluded that the body politic is being corrupted by artists and intellectuals; while the left, whose enemy list was previously limited to McCarthyites, bigots, and extremists, has recently been adding those considered "insensitive" to racism, sexism, ageism, lookism, homophobia, to discrimination against minorities and the handicapped, and to the suffering of AIDS victims. Of course these are all important issues; our country does suffer accelerating social problems to which many Americans remain indifferent. I'm simply suggesting that among the reasons for the current climate of racial and ethnic assertiveness is that most people share a compulsion to identify and to demonize the Other.

"Cultural diversity," for all its positive value as an idea, is sometimes choked by the same kind of acrimonious vapors as wider nationalistic movements. What begins as an understandable hunger for recognition often develops into a less commendable thirst for power. The current multiculturalist attacks on Western civilization, both in the university and in society at large, suggest how culture often gets confused with politics and identity with empowerment. Is it really necessary, in order to validate the existence of one group, to discredit that of another? Fundamental to multiculturalism is the idea that civilizations flourish by opening themselves to the impact of outside influences; yet many multicultural artists have been closing themselves to the West on the assumption that the West is closed to them.

That assumption is incorrect. Far from being "insular," Western civilization has always been a pushover for anything considered even remotely foreign. And I'm not just referring to the influence of the ancient Greeks on Renaissance and post-Renaissance Europe. Think of the impact of Chinese culture on eighteenth-century France and England, where *chinoiserie* was all the rage, or of French culture on the customs, fashions, and language of nineteenth-century Russian aristocrats. Or try to imagine Ezra Pound's poetry without the writings of Confucius and Lao-tzu, the plays of Yeats and Brecht without the theatrical conventions of Noh drama, the paintings of Picasso or the novels of Conrad without the influence of Africa. George Gershwin's music is heavily dependent on blues and jazz, as are the rhythmic innovations of Aaron Copland and Leonard Bernstein on the music of Latin America. Nor is this influence a one-way street. Japanese orchestral music would be decimated without the European repertory, while the Caribbean poet Derek Walcott's superb epic poem *Omeros*, set mainly on the island of Trinidad and featuring rich native characters, is actually a transcultural rendering of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

In every case, the work of one civilization was invariably enriched after borrowing from another. Some ethnocentrists might charge that these were less borrowings than "appropriations," stolen without credit or acknowledgment. But if this was so in the past, it is hardly true today. Indeed, transcultural blending may be the most fully acknowledged artistic development of our time. It is certainly one of the most creative, especially in the theater, where we have recently had some remarkable examples of such mixtures. Julie Taymor's *Juan Darien*, an Indonesian-style puppet show driven by Elliot Goldenthal's South American-style music, was based on Latin liturgical texts and a Uruguayan fable by Horacio Quiroga, while Lee Breuer's *The Gospel at Colonus* was a re-creation of Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus* set in a Pentecostal black church, with rousing gospel hymns written by Bob Telson and sung by Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys of Alabama. As for David Henry Hwang's *M. Butterfly*, this play combined the plot of *Madama Butterfly*, an Italian opera based on an American play, with the tale of a French diplomat undone by a Chinese spy performing in the Peking opera, all enacted on a modified Kabuki stage.

But *M. Butterfly* also displayed some of the dangers lurking within the achievements of multiculturalism, notably the compulsion to turn civilizations into battlefields. Hwang's theme is that the militaristic West is essentially homophobic, while the pacific East is essentially feminine, and that the Western use of force against weaker Asian nations stems from a fear of sexual impotence: "The whole world is being run by men with pricks the size of pins." The problem with such large cultural generalizations is that they often substitute one form of stereotype for another (and this particular generalization also fails to explain the aggressive policies of female leaders such as Thatcher, as well as the atrocities committed by Asian countries like Cambodia and China).

Within the context of "cultural diversity" there are many competing strains and currents, which I see forming into essentially two large categories. The first, recognizing that virtually all Americans, including Anglos," are made up of mixed breeds and mixed bloods, is devoted to amalgamating the riches of many cultures into a blended artistic expression that reflects the variety of American life. The second, propelled by a tribal need to establish pride, prestige, and estimable "role models," is devoted to celebrating the style and the achievement of a single culture to the exclusion of the others. The first category, inspired by Martin Luther King's dream of integration, believes in open opportunity according to merit rather than color—as reflected, for example, in the "non-traditional" casting of roles on the basis of talent rather than racial or ethnic background. The second, which is driven by such divisive energies as the black power fires ignited after King's assassination, is committed to strict racial and ethnic orthodoxy, and the empowerment of disadvantaged people through the agency of culture. The first category tries to unify, the second to separate. Both operate under the banner of "multiculturalism."

As Diane Ravitch has observed, however, the second category is essentially a *rejection* of multiculturalism, and thus it is more accurately described as "uniculturalism" or "racial fundamentalism." The terms, as recent controversies in the arts suggest, get confused by conflicting aims and aspirations. In the first category, resident theaters, led by the New York Shakespeare Festival, have long observed non-traditional, or colorblind, casting policies in regard to plays, often to the dismay of critics. Not long ago, for example, Frank Rich of *The New York Times* criticized the casting of an African-American actor as Cloten in JoAnne Akalaitis's production of *Cymbeline*, noting that Cloten's mother and father were white, and further observing that Imogen would never have confused the headless trunk of a black man with the body of her white lover.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

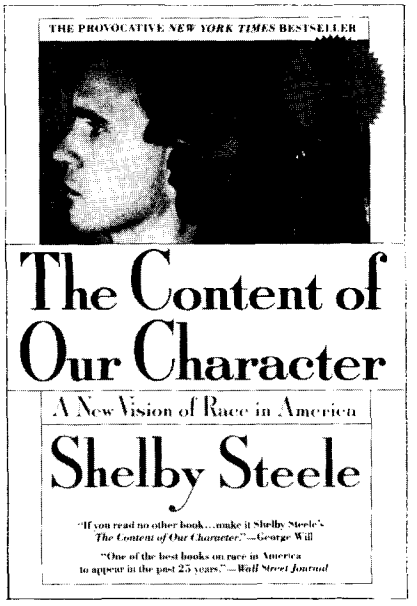
Similarly, Samuel Beckett was incensed when the American Repertory Theatre cast black actors as Hamm and Nag in a version of *Endgame* (also directed by Akalaitis), an issue that almost led to a lawsuit. Still, the protests of critics and playwrights notwithstanding, audiences have long been accustomed to ignoring questions of color while watching plays, especially if they're familiar with the talents of a resident company. Suspension of disbelief, along with the power of actor transformation, constitutes the very essence of the theatrical event. In my own production of Strindberg's *The Father* at the American Repertory Theatre, for example, I cast a black company member as Laura's Swedish brother without disturbing, so far as I could tell, the equilibrium of a single observer.

The flap over the casting of *Miss Saigon*, on the other hand, is an instance of the second sort of multiculturalism. Asian actors, with the endorsement of Actors' Equity, were demanding not colorblindness, but color-consciousness, in regard to a Eurasian role. The argument was that, since such actors had few opportunities on Broadway, producers were obliged to cast even a mixed-breed character like the Engineer with someone of Asian descent. This reduced the issue of "cultural diversity" to a muddle, not only promoting racial type-casting instead of histrionic transformation, but turning the theater into an arena of entitlement rather than an opportunity for art. In this debate, the concept of affirmative action completely eclipsed the idea of nontraditional casting, promoting a form of reverse discrimination that did little credit to any of the parties involved.

Basing his stand on similar principles, the African-American playwright August Wilson has been insisting that only black directors can do movie versions of his plays, beginning with *Fences*. He has also protested publicly (in an interview with *The Boston Globe*) against what he calls George Gershwin's "bastardiz[ing] our music and our experience" in writing *Porgy and Bess*, because black people have their own music. This is not multiculturalism, it is its very antithesis: racial exclusionism. Racial exclusionism assumes that one race cannot understand another race, that all cultures are separate and distinct, that, in Brecht's words, "the generations look coldly into each other's eyes."

It is this separatist dogma that announces that Wilson's plays are beyond white criticism, except to declare them masterpieces and award them prizes, and that anyone who believes that the playwright's concentration on victimization makes his subject matter repetitive and limited (as I had

The National Bestseller—Now in Paperback!


THE PROVOCATIVE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
The Content of Our Character
A New Vision of Race in America
Shelby Steele
"If you read no other book...make it Shelby Steele's The Content of Our Character."—George Will
"One of the best books on race in America to appear in the past 25 years."—Wall Street Journal

"One of the best books on race in America to appear in the past 25 years."
—*Wall Street Journal*

"The perfect voice of reason in a sea of hate."
—*Los Angeles Times*

"Steele has given eloquent voice to painful truths that are almost always left unspoken in the nation's circumscribed public discourse on race."
—*New York Times*

National Book Critics Circle Award Winner

HarperPerennial
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*

$10.00

"The best book published to date on the real-world consequences of Supreme Court decisions. *The Hollow Hope* will stir up a hornet's nest; it draws into sharp question the orthodox belief that liberal Supreme Court decisions actually promote liberal goals."
—Cass Sunstein

GERALD N. ROSENBERG

THE HOLLOW HOPE

Can Courts Bring About Social Change?

"Hereafter, anyone who defends the view of the Court as a force for basic reforms will have to confront and rebut the evidence and argument of this book. This is not going to be an easy task."
—Robert Dahl

$29.95 cloth

At bookstores or for VISA/MC orders call 1-800-621-2736
In Illinois: 312-568-1550

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the effrontery to suggest in a review) must be a racist, an elitist, or a fool. The effort to exclude and to separate is often encapsulated in such catch phrases as the "black experience." But the fact is that, no matter how racially restricted are the surfaces of dramas like *Fences* and *The Piano Lesson*, they belong, like many postwar African-American plays, to the time-honored tradition of Western realism, closely akin to the blame-and-guilt plays of Arthur Miller.

Take *Fences*. Wilson's play is driven by his conviction that his hero, Troy Maxson, a gifted baseball player now reduced to "hauling white folks' garbage," is a victim of centuries of racial oppression. Just as he is forced to be a lifter rather than a driver because he is black, so the color of his skin has blocked him, like Satchel Paige, from entering the major leagues. To support this racial subject, however, Wilson concocts a conventional family drama, built on overworked baseball images, about the confrontation between an erring father and his indignant son, with a crisis identical to the climactic scenes in *All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman*. Like Willy Loman, Troy Maxson has a long-suffering wife, a son with ambitions to be a football player, a crony with whom to share confidences, an infidelity that changes his life, and the obligatory back yard. The play even ends with a funeral—again like *Death of a Salesman*—giving the characters a chance to discuss the protagonist's futile dreams against the background of the nation's false values.

I cite these similarities not to criticize Wilson for lack of originality, but rather to show how, for all his assertions of black uniqueness, he uses familiar American themes of social victimization, accompanied by familiar American charges and recriminations. (George C. Wolfe has parodied such formulas in his satiric play *The Colored Museum*.) Yes, the language is enriched by black colloquialisms, and the play, like all Wilson's work, dramatizes the twentieth-century consequences of the original American sin of slavery. But there is certainly nothing here that cannot be understood—or even criticized—by white people, and there is certainly little to justify the claim of singularity or exclusionism. If anything, Wilson owes a lot more to white writers than to black writers.

And this leads to the reason why the exclusionary form of multiculturalism is puzzling and disturbing. The great artists and thinkers of every culture have always looked for what is individual in humanity rather than what is general. Their works are likely to demonstrate how people tend to chafe under narrow classifications of any kind, political, social, racial, ethnic, or moral. The whole of Pirandello's works, for example, features characters who long for some understanding of their fullness and complexity in the face of an external world more satisfied with simple formulas and categories. We value such art as an antidote to politics, because it reminds us, unlike political orthodoxy, that what truly distinguishes human nature, perhaps its major unifying quality, is the element of surprise and unpredictability, the capacity to transcend externally imposed roles to achieve a richer individuality.

Yet the second category of multiculturalism seems to pride itself on being reductive and simplistic. This makes it as homogeneous in its way as the white culture of the '50s. Its alternatives to cultural stereotypes are sometimes themselves self-limiting. This tribalist approach, to quote Ravitch again, "confuses race with culture, as though everyone with the same skin color had the same culture and history. It ignores the fact that within every major racial group, there exists serious ethnic and cultural tensions." To ignore these differences is to exchange one set of chains for another. It is to achieve self-definition through exile from the human family.

Total absorption in a separate culture, like the adoption of separate tables, separate houses, separate clubs, separate studies, and separate schools, represents not multiculturalism, but the return of segregation in voluntary form, the abandonment of hope for a national identity, the death of pluralism, the rejection of the great ideal of integration. It is true that the ideal of integration may have been originally flawed by its underestimation, moral and historical, of the melting pot ethos, and of its power to eradicate cultural differences. Still, you don't give up on a good idea because of its flaws, especially when the alternative spells ethnocentric anarchy, tribal divisions, Balkanized enclaves. King used to say that he was less interested in the future of black people than in the future of America. It is hard to imagine such a majestic unifying statement being uttered today, when we have broken into dozens of isolated constituencies, each arguing for moral, social, and aesthetic su-premacy. Only a genuine form of cultural diversity, then, deserves to be pursued, must be pursued, by the arts in America. For if our arts fail to dream that dream, if they desist in that effort, we cease to be a nation. •

The Chill of Virtue

BY MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM

Socrates, Ironist and Moral Philosopher by Gregory Vlastos

(Cornell University Press, 500 pp., $57.50, $16.95 paper)

He summons to virtue with a composed and lofty countenance, as in David's famous portrait, ready to drink the hemlock, finger pointing upward. But he arouses anger too, with his ugly snub nose and his irritating questions, jesting, mocking, riddling, with his incessant logical interrogations and his uncanny lack of affect. He is a maddening gadfly on the back of the Athenian democracy, and yet he is also "of all the people of his time whom we have known, the best and wisest and most just." He is like the satyr Marsyas, outrageous, erotic, a seductive charmer, and yet when you open him up you discover treasures of virtue and moderation.

Socrates, in short, is strange. Alcibiades, charmed and humiliated, concludes that his most remarkable trait is to be "similar to no human being, past or present.... This man is so strange, he and his speeches too, that you could search and search and find nobody near him." Socrates' strangeness has been avoided in various ways. Sometimes he is portrayed as a saintly moral hero who could be found irritating only by hypocrites and fools. Such reverential portraits tend to treat his knotty and precise logical arguments as peripheral, rather than as the core of what he was. And sometimes, by contrast, irritation altogether displaces reverence, as in I. F. Stone's recent assault, which displayed such exasperation with the methods and the content of Socrates' philosophical inquiries that it could offer little illumination about the achievements that make Socrates a pivotal figure in the history of Western ethics. Once again the arguments were shortchanged, as Stone treated Socrates' interest in logical precision and the clear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

definition of terms as an abstruse metaphysical predilection, without relevance for the conduct of life. And even when the arguments do take center stage, as they do in much contemporary philosophical scholarship, something is too often missing still: the man himself, the point and the motivation of his inquiries, the oddness of his mission to humanity.

Gregory Vlastos's new book begins from the conviction that Socrates' strangeness is "the key to his philosophy." It is a marvelous book, in which no major aspect of Socrates' career is eclipsed. The rigor of his arguments, the depth of his moral commitment and understanding, his complex relationship to Athenian ethical traditions, his rational religion: all this comes to life in writing whose vigor and lucidity put the challenge of Socrates squarely before the reader, and whose exacting scholarship will satisfy the most meticulous expert without burdening the common reader.

The book is the fruit of almost forty years of work on Socrates, spanning a career in which Vlastos, now in his 80s, has also given us seminal work on Plato and the Pre-Socratics, and has, with an exacting generosity, trained more than one generation of young scholars, immeasurably raising standards of rigor, scholarship, and insight in the study of ancient Greek philosophy. But this is Vlastos's finest work to date. Like his subject, Vlastos invites the reader to argue with him, even to refute him—and those who know Vlastos's freedom from vanity know that this is no joke. This is a book that loves virtue and truth more than honor, again like its subject. Still, since Vlastos seems to agree with Socrates that honor is valuable if bestowed on genuine virtue, I must not hesitate to say that his book deserves as much honor as any work of scholarship in Greek philosophy in this century.

Socrates wrote nothing. Any account of his career, therefore, must piece it together from sources that are bewildering in their heterogeneity. The comic playwright Aristophanes (c. 457-385 BC) lampooned Socrates in both the *Frogs* (405 BC) and, especially, the *Clouds* (423 BC). Though his portrait contains, I think, some deep critical understanding, it is a very unreliable source, on account of its vagueness and its parodic purpose—and it is too far removed from Socrates' trial and death in 399 BC to show us an overview of his career. The military leader, historian, and biographer Xenophon (c. 428-c. 354 BC) knew Socrates personally and portrayed him in a number of works, with the announced intent of vindicating him. These works are valuable sources, and yet they, too, are far from trustworthy. Xenophon's Socrates is an unoriginal moralist, without paradox or irony, who could neither have provoked the rage that Socrates provoked in Athens nor have altered the course of Western ethical thought. Aristotle (384-322 BC), from his later vantage point, provides some brief but valuable information, above all about the difference between Socrates and Plato. And a few other contemporaries or near-contemporaries give further aid.

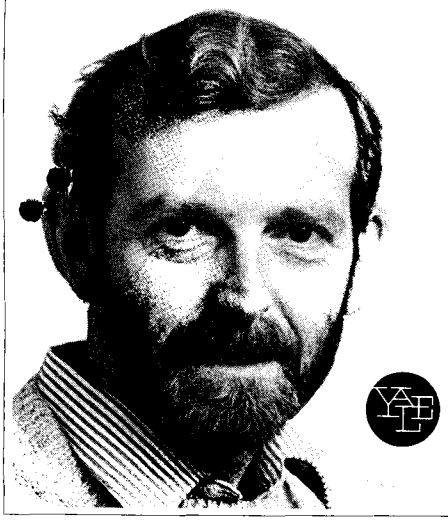
But it is above all in the dialogues of Plato (429-347 BC) that we must search for Socrates, for it is only there that Socrates' brilliance and strangeness emerge undiminished. And this means that we have a further problem on our hands. For Plato was a great philosopher in his own right, whose philosophical career spanned around fifty years. In most of his dialogues, Socrates appears as a character; but it seems impossible that the aim can always have been to reconstruct with historical fidelity the views of his teacher. There are too many fundamental differences and inconsistencies among the various dialogues, and they are too suspiciously correlated with what we can figure out from other evidence about the chronology of the dialogues themselves.

In a group of dialogues that seem, on independent grounds, to be early works

Grand Strategies in War and Peace

edited by Paul M. Kennedy

In this important book, eminent authorities—among them **Sir Michael Howard, J.H. Elliott, Douglas Porch, and Paul Kennedy**—look at how the great powers have integrated their political, economic, and military goals in order to preserve their long-term interests in times of war and peace. $25.00



Democracy and Its Critics

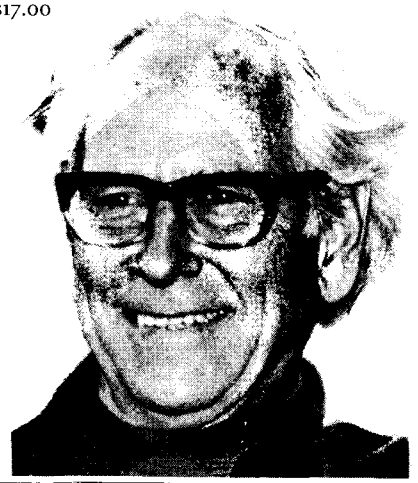
Now in paperback

Robert A. Dahl

Winner of the 1990 Woodrow Wilson Foundation Book Award

"In this **magisterial** work (Dahl)... describe(s) what democracy means...; why our own democracy is still deeply flawed; and how we could reform it....**A work of extraordinary intelligence and...wisdom.**" —Robert N. Bellah, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

$17.00



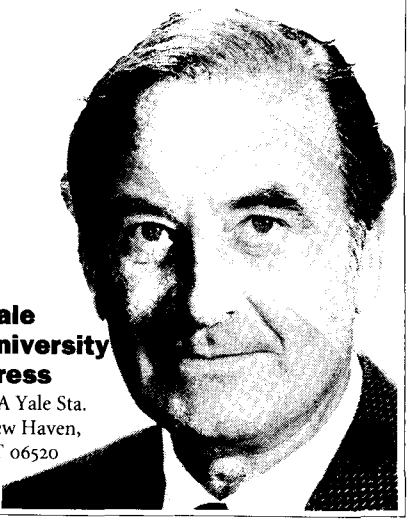
Germany, America, Europe

Now in paperback

Forty Years of German Foreign Policy

Wolfram F. Hanrieder

This updated edition, including the author's revealing observations on the fall of the Berlin Wall and the reunification of Germany, is "**the definitive account of its subject...[and] a joy and a pleasure to read.**"—David Gress, *N.Y. Times Book Review* $18.00



Yale University Press

92A Yale Sta.
New Haven,
CT 06520

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(in alphabetical order, *Apology, Charmides, Crito, Euthyphro, Gorgias, Hippias Minor, Ion, Laches, Protagoras*) we find a figure who bears a reasonable resemblance to other portraits of the historical Socrates. These are also often called the "elenctic" dialogues, since they portray Socrates as searching by question and answer, using the method of scrutiny-by-cross-examination that is known as the elenchus. But in the major works of Plato's middle period (*Republic, Phaedo, Cratylus, Symposium, Phaedrus, Parmenides, Theaetetus*) we find a very different Socrates, whose views tally with independent reports about Plato's mature philosophical views. (I give Vlastos's groupings; some scholars would dispute this one or that one, but there is pretty broad agreement. He calls "transitional dialogues" another group that includes *Euthydemus Hippias Major, Lysis, Menexenus, Meno.*)

Vlastos provides the most convincing account we have yet had of this complicated situation, arguing for a series of ten major differences between what he calls Socrates-E (early) and Socrates-M (middle, that is, Plato's mature views). Socrates-E is exclusively a moral philosopher; Socrates-M is also passionately interested in science, metaphysics, epistemology, and much else. Socrates-M has a metaphysical theory of "separately existing" Forms and of an immortal soul that learns by "recollecting"; Socrates-E has no such theories. Socrates-E seeks knowledge by questioning and denies that he has knowledge; Socrates-M seeks demonstrative (quasi-mathematical) knowledge and is confident that it can be attained. Socrates-M has an account of the soul as tripartite; Socrates-E has no such account, nor could he accept it consistently with his denial that people who have knowledge of the better ever do the worse. Socrates-M is fascinated by about mathematics and shows a sophisticated mastery of current developments; Socrates-E has no such interest or expertise. Socrates-E is a philosophical populist, questioning anyone and everyone he meets; Socrates-M is a philosophical elitist, restricting this teaching to a few. Socrates-E pursues truth by questioning and refuting; Socrates-M expounds truth didactically to relatively passive interlocutors. Socrates-E, though critical of the Athenian democracy, prefers Athens to any other state; Socrates-M has a developed political theory that ranks democracy very low and defends the rule of a philosophical elite. Both Socrates are interested in eros, especially of a homoerotic kind; but Socrates-M is alone in praising "madness," and in grounding eros in a metaphysical search for the transcendent form of beauty. (Here, I think, Vlastos's contrast too simple: it is only in the relatively late *Phaedrus* that "madness" is praised, and this in conjunction with the adoption of a non-mathematical, non-deductive, experiential and language-centered conception of the dialectic.) Finally, both Socrates are religious; but Socrates-E has an ethical, action-oriented religion, while the religion of Socrates-M is mystical, and prefers contemplation.

Vlastos argues for this picture in two stages. First, he sets out the evidence that these differences do in fact exist within the Platonic corpus, and are in fact well correlated with (to some extent) independently established chronological sequences. Second, by comparing Socrates-E with the evidence of Xenophon and Aristotle, he argues that "in those essential respects in which Socrates-E's philosophy differs from that of Socrates-M, it is that of the historical Socrates, re-created by Plato in invented conversations which explore its content and exhibit its method." Vlastos thinks that Plato ascribed to the character Socrates only that which he himself at the time believed. But his own views developed and changed, from a close allegiance to the thought and the methodology of his teacher, to a very different conception of the method and the content of philosophy.

In partial explanation of this shift, Vlastos points to Plato's mathematical studies with the Pythagorean thinker Archytas of Tarentum. From this point on, he argues, Plato's mathematical interests and expertise grew rapidly, as geometry profoundly impressed him by its beauty, its elegance, its promise of epistemic certainty. The Socratic elenchus, by contrast, which attempted to derive truth simply from the cross-examination of each interlocutor's own beliefs, now seemed to him a fragile and unreliable instrument. Socrates had to assume that within the beliefs of each and every interlocutor the truth was there to be discovered—and that once it was elicited, it would prevail over those false beliefs with which it was shown to be in contradiction. Plato, more elitist than his teacher, more disdainful of democratic education and the beliefs of the "many," is unwilling to rest the search for knowledge on any such shaky foundation. And so, from the *Meno* on, he replaces the elenchus with the hypothetical method, to bring the certainty of geometry into ethics and politics.

This is historical detective work at its best, set out with elegance, logic, and evidential clarity. Vlastos's method of setting out in full the texts on which his argument relies makes the reader a partner in the inquiry, actively unraveling the puzzles rather than deferring passively to the verdicts of scholarly authority. On this basis, once established, Vlastos then constructs accounts of several of the central elements in Socrates' teaching. And here is my one serious complaint about the book: its scope. Vlastos has chosen here to omit some of his most important research on Socrates during the past decade: a groundbreaking analysis of the method of the elenchus; an exploration of Socrates' disavowals of knowledge, paradoxical in conjunction with his claims to know various things; and, finally, an account of Socrates' relationship to the Athenian democracy.

Those pieces are promised for a future collection of Vlastos's miscellaneous papers on Socrates; but they would have filled gaps in this book. The first two are crucial to Vlastos's arguments about Socratic irony and about the relationship between Socrates and Plato; though he summarizes their conclusions here, that is no substitute for giving the reader the close look at the evidence that the fuller versions would have afforded. And the third would have been of enormous benefit to the reader, who will look in vain here for any biographical or historical discussion.

His argument elsewhere is that, although Socrates was often accused of being a foe of democracy and a friend of oligarchy, there is no substance to such charges. Socrates was sharply critical of much of democratic practice, and wished to arouse sluggish citizens to a keener awareness of themselves and their goals; and he also probably preferred an indirect democracy, with room for expert wisdom, to the direct democracy that prevailed at Athens. Still, he insisted that democracy was the best system that he found, and he showed a very deep respect for its laws. Moreover, his unbroken friendships with leading democrats such as Lysias, after the overthrow of the oligarchy, showed that they did not suspect him of partisanship with their opponents. Vlastos's powerful portrait of the elenchus shows, moreover, how democratic structures are built into the entire Socratic enterprise. Each and every person is to search for truth within himself (or herself: Socrates announced his intention of questioning women in the afterlife, when no social restrictions would prevent him). Deference to external authority has no place in the search for wisdom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vlastos's discussion of Socratic irony, with which his book opens, carefully disentangles two very different meanings of the Greek ancestor of our word "irony": "deception" and "saying the opposite of what the hearer is to understand." Irony in the second sense is never deceptive, though it may be riddling, for it relies for its success on the hearer's awareness of a non-literal meaning. Vlastos argues that Socrates' famous irony is not deception at all, as some have claimed, but a riddling way of leading the pupil to insights that are not conveyed by the literal meaning of his words. Thus Socrates' irony is also totally unlike the seductive and nihilistic sort of irony occasionally praised in recent philosophy and literary theory: it is always morally serious, and its goals are truth and self-knowledge.

Sometimes a pupil may fail to get the point—if, like Alcibiades, he is too vain and self-centered to listen well. If he fails, Socrates will not bail him out. This, however, is not because of indifference to the pupil. It is because Socrates values one thing more than the pupil's grasp of truth: that the pupil should come to see it for himself. Thus a concept of moral autonomy is, in Vlastos's account, at the heart of Socrates' practice of teaching.

Socrates, Vlastos argues further, never cheats his interlocutors. Examining cases that have been thought to involve deliberate fallacy on Socrates' part, he explains them either as honest perplexity or as not fallacious at all (but merely compressed or elliptical). Here it is hard not to feel that Socrates' concern for the autonomy of his pupil sometimes leads to oddly casual treatment—as when, to explicate an argument in the *Gorgias*, Vlastos has to extrapolate well beyond anything Socrates actually says to Polus, filling in an account of desire and its objects that is nowhere stated in the dialogue. I think that Vlastos is basically right about the argument, but I am less convinced that this is a way of respecting the interlocutor. Certainly it is very far from the way that Vlastos has written this book, which makes its every move transparently clear. This clarity enables Vlastos's reader to be fully autonomous; but Socrates, by contrast, gives Polus pretty murky and incomplete material.

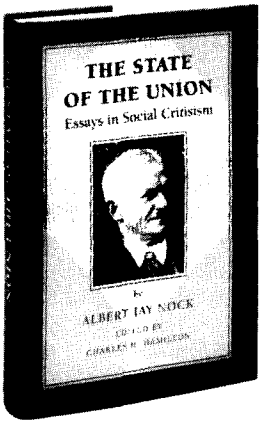
And that is not an isolated case. Euthyphro, too, is tripped up with some arguments that are far from crystal clear; nor are all the ironies directed his way perspicuous or helpful to him, though they may be to later readers. Socrates' attention to the particularity of his interlocutors, then, is not consistent. Some of them he treats with sensitivity and gentleness, giving them at each stage only what they can absorb, while others are tripped up and tied in knots, partly on account of the elliptical and rapid nature of the argument. There might be a therapeutic purpose even in that: the *Meno* reports that the experience of being stung by Socrates (as by an electric ray) helps the numbed person to discard false confidence and to begin in earnest the search for understanding. But I'm not sure that Vlastos has shown this always to be the case.

A fine chapter on Socrates' religion argues that Socrates does indeed believe in supernatural deities and divine signs, but that his deities are required to meet the stringent standards of his ethical views. His gods must do no wrong and tell no lies. This entails, of course, a radical transformation in traditional Olympian religion. It is in this sense that Socrates did destroy old gods and make up new ones, as his accusers charged. And piety is reconstrued in an equally radical way, as "doing god's work to benefit human beings." Thus Socrates completely jettisoned the quasi-magical tradition in Greek religion, according to which pious ritual acts induce the gods to grant wishes. God and man, instead of bargaining with one another, the self-interest of each uppermost, join as eth-

NEW FROM **LIBERTY FUND, INC.**

THE STATE OF THE UNION:
Essays in Social Criticism

By Albert Jay Nock
Edited and with a Foreword by
Charles H. Hamilton



"Albert Jay Nock was probably the most exquisitely educated and civilized American of his time, as readers of this book will come to realize; he has a charming way of becoming an event in a person's life. His writings unleash the instinct for the humane life and sow the seeds of self-education which, after all, is the only kind of education there is."
—*Edmund A. Opitz, Foundation for Economic Education*

370 pages. Foreword, selected bibliography, acknowledgments, index.

Hardcover	**$20.00**	0-86597-092-0
Paperback	**$ 7.50**	0-86597-093-9

Liberty*Press*, 1991

Also Available

THE RATIONALE OF CENTRAL BANKING

By Vera C. Smith
Foreword by Leland B. Yeager

"Vera Smith's book remains an authoritative and accurate summary of the theoretical arguments for and against free banking, a subject that has recently received renewed attention." —*Milton Friedman, Hoover Institution*

227 pages. Foreword, preface, appendix, bibliography, index.

Hardcover	**$20.00**	0-86597-086-6
Paperback	**$ 8.00**	0-86597-087-4

Liberty*Press*, 1990

Please send me:

Quantity Ordered	Title	Edition	Price	Amount
	The State of the Union	Hardcover	$20.00	
		Paperback	$ 7.50	
	The Rationale of Central Banking	Hardcover	$20.00	
		Paperback	$ 8.00	
			Subtotal	
			Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
			Total	

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your current catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Prepayment required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders from outside the United States **must** be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

Mail to: LIBERTY FUND, INC.
Department GG111
7440 N. Shadeland Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical beings in an enterprise that seeks the good. What, then, does religion add to the Socratic ethical life? It adds, Vlastos speculates, a solid basis for concern with the good of others that is not present in Socratic eudaemonism alone. This is right, I think, but it shows something disturbing about Socrates' moral views, to which I shall return.

Two further chapters complete Vlastos's account. Vlastos argues that Socrates was the first Greek thinker to reject retaliation as unjust in all circumstances. And finally, in his book's climactic chapter, he addresses the relationship between virtue and *eudaimonia* in Socrates' moral theory. Vlastos follows the common practice of translating *eudaimonia* as "happiness." Here I cannot follow him. Although I agree that there is no good one-word substitute (hence my transliteration), I believe that "happiness" designates, to most contemporary readers, a state of the person (of satisfaction or pleasure or well-being), whereas for the Greeks *eudaimonia* may have been a state, or something else, such as a complex form of activity. (In Aristotle's conception, its parts include virtuous activities *and* relations of friendship and love.) What people who talk about *eudaimonia* agree on is that it is the end of all desires, the final reason why we do whatever we do; and it is thus inclusive of everything that has intrinsic worth, lacking in nothing that would make a life more valuable or more complete.

Vlastos begins from the obvious fact that Socrates connects *eudaimonia* very closely with virtue. He then proposes three ways in which we might understand that relation, all exemplified somewhere in ancient Greek ethics: (1) The relation is purely instrumental; virtue is desirable only as a means to *eudaimonia.* (2) The relation is constitutive, but only partly; virtue is one of the things that make up *eudaimonia,* but not the only one. (3) The relation is one of identity; virtue is the only constituent of *eudaimonia.*

Vlastos argues that Socrates, like Plato and Aristotle, holds a version of (2), but (unlike Aristotle) a very strong version, according to which virtue is also sufficient for *eudaimonia.* When virtue is present, then *eudaimonia* can be made somewhat greater by the addition of other goods, such as money, health, and honor, which can be constitutive of *eudaimonia* when they are combined with virtue. Without virtue, however, these things have no intrinsic value. A virtuous person who lacks them utterly is still *eudaimon,* if in a somewhat lesser degree.

Vlastos demonstrates that the texts rule out the merely instrumental relation and the weaker forms of constituent relation (in which virtue is only necessary, but not sufficient, for *eudaimonia*). Matters are far less clear, however, when it comes to the choice between the Sufficiency Thesis and the Identity Thesis. Vlastos's primary argument against Identity (given that the texts are pretty unclear) is that it would leave Socrates with no way of choosing between two courses of action that are both compatible with virtue, but different in the other goods that they offer (between virtuous starving and virtuous eating, and so on). But this is not obvious, certainly not for the later Stoics, who do hold the Identity thesis and have a very elaborate account of how such choices will be made (referring to our natural adaptation to such goods, as beings of a certain sort). The main point, however, is plain: Socrates believes that so long as courage, moderation, justice, piety, and wisdom are present, a person's life is fully *eudaimon,* no matter what the world around him is doing.

Let us be clear about what this means. It means that virtue all by itself is sufficient—not just for feeling satisfied, but for having a life that is good, complete, choiceworthy, lacking in nothing. Other things, if present, can make the life a little better, but they are worth nothing without virtue, and they are no big deal if virtue is present, since full-fledged *eudaimonia* is already at hand. Now, this is relatively easy to swallow if we considered things like money, honor, and good birth (though we must remember, too, that some of these might be essential in order to *act* on one's virtue, a point stressed by Aristotle); but harder if we consider things like health and freedom from pain and political freedom, which seem so intimately connected to all our feeling and acting that it is hard to think of a life as complete without them; and hardest of all if we think of ties to children, friends, loved ones—"the greatest of the external goods," as Aristotle perceptively observed. What we have to believe, to agree with Socrates, is not just that the loss of a fortune has no serious significance, but also that the loss of a child or a parent, the departure or the death of a spouse or lover, a betrayal by a friend—that all these are no big deal, either. It is better, of course, to have children, friends, loved ones; but if chance should take them, or if they should prove false, Socrates will still judge himself *eudaimon.*

There is no room in this moral outlook, in other words, for the tragic emotions of fear and pity. For these (as Aristotle said, making explicit a central part of ancient Greek morality) involve the ascription of high importance to external things that may be damaged by fortune. We don't fear what won't be seriously bad when it comes. And we pity others only when we judge that what has befallen them is not their fault and not importantly bad. It is no surprise, then, that Socrates, who believes that he is securely in control of his virtue, and his *eudaimonia,* repudiates pity, as he does in the *Apology,* holding that to appeal to pity is unworthy of a free man. It is no surprise, either, that in the *Crito* and the narrative portions of the *Phaedo* (which may be used with caution to imagine Socrates' death) he turns an event that has all the makings of a tragedy—the unjust execution of a good man, mourned by friends—into an occasion for calm discussion. The friends say they expected to feel pity, but did not, for Socrates does not treat his death as a seriously bad thing. We are well on the way here to the Stoic Epictetus's denunciation of tragedy as "what happens when chance events befall fools."

In this picture, moreover, it is no heroic achievement to be rid of the desire for revenge and retaliation. For if the things that others can do to us don't matter very much, if they can't ever take away our *eudaimonia,* what reasons do we have for wanting to strike back? To control revenge, however, while allowing the events of life to cut deeply: that is an achievement that Socrates did not, and could not, attempt. Shall I take revenge if someone rapes my daughter? No, says Socrates, because revenge is unjust. But remember, too, that the rape of a child is no big deal, and is still compatible with your perfect *eudaimonia.*

It would have been possible, of course, for Socrates to insist on the absolute necessity of virtue for *eudaimonia,* but to deny it sufficiency, thus allowing attachments to the world and to others to play a deeper role. This was Aristotle's position. He held that you certainly could not be *eudaimon* without virtue, but he added that you need "external goods" as well—in the case of health and money, for example, not because they are good in themselves, but because they are necessary in order for people to be in a position to act on their virtue (a distinction that Socrates seems to ignore). In the case of friends and loved ones, however, Aristotle's view is much stronger: those very relations of mutual love and aid are major constituents of *eudaimonia,* without which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"nobody would choose to live, even though he had all the other good things."

Socrates' picture of happiness, says Vlastos persuasively, is not a monochrome, but a "polychrome, most of it painted blue [standing for virtue], but flecked out with a multitude of other colors, each of those specks making some tiny but appreciable contribution to the design." But Aristotle's picture is a much more complex polychrome, with large swatches, say of blue (virtue and virtuous action), several different reds (family, friends, and other related loves), yellow (contemplation and intellectual work)—and each of these coloring the others in subtle and complex ways. (All our activities, he holds, are better performed with and toward others.)

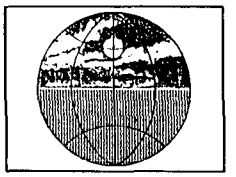
Does not the strangeness of Socrates lie, then, in this single-mindedness about virtue that does not allow love of others to count as more than a "fleck"? In an essay written in 1971 and dedicated to the memory of his wife, Vlastos observed that "the best insight in this essay—that Socrates' ultimate failure is a failure in love—grew out of what I learned about love from her." In the present book, he softens his assessment. I think he was right the first time. For Socrates' conception *is* incompatible with any really deep love of persons—erotic, familial, or friendly.

Deep love opens the self to loss of its own highest good, should things go badly. Seneca, in his *Medea*, imagines Jason saying about his children, "Sooner would I part with breath, with limbs, with the light." His vindictive wife observes, "That's how he loves his children? Good. He is caught. There's a space wide open for a wound." That, indeed, is what it is to love another person deeply: to be wide open to the wounds of anger, betrayal, desertion, death. And I don't think that this is true only of individual love. It is also the sort of love that Jesus is depicted as having for all humanity. He could not have had such love without a willingness to suffer, to become an object of pity.

In this 1971 essay, Vlastos himself made that criticism, contrasting Jesus' grief with Socrates' "frigidity." In Socrates, there are no gaping holes. He is a solid piece of self-sufficient virtue, like a big gold Easter egg, with health and friendship painted on the surface as decorations. Again, we are not far from the Stoics—from Cicero's story of a father who, hearing the news of his son's death, says, "I was already aware that I had begotten a mortal." Maybe this is why Socrates sometimes notices

A Bold New Study for a Changing World Order

BEYOND INTERDEPENDENCE



The Meshing of the World's Economy and the Earth's Ecology

JIM MACNEILL, PIETER WINSEMIUS, and TAIZO YAKUSHIJI

"Remarkable ..." -- David Rockefeller, North American Chairman, Trilateral Commission

"This book couldn't appear at a better time .... Provides the most compelling economic as well as environmental case for such reform that I have read." -- Maurice Strong, Secretary General, United Nations Conference on the Environment and Development, June, 1992

Beyond Interdependence shows that the interlocking of the world's economy and the earth's ecology is the new reality of the century. Within the context of environmental and political change the world over, it shows how industrialized nations can take unilateral and regional action to address environmental threats while improving microeconomic efficiency and international competitiveness. As the 1992 Earth Summit in Rio approaches, this book offers the kind of incisive analysis and far-reaching recommendations for policy reform needed to advance our common future.

192 pp.; 20 illus. paper $7.95

At better bookstores or directly from
OXFORD PAPERBACKS
Oxford University Press • 200 Madison Avenue • New York • NY 10016

Aktuelles, Kultur und Schlager!

Improve your German and gain fascinating insights into life in reunified Germany, as well as Austria and Switzerland, with *Schau ins Land*. In each monthly, hour-long audiomagazine, you'll hear a variety of accents and dialects as host Axel Fitzke and his team of correspondents take you to interesting places and talk to celebrities and ordinary citizens. You'll also hear selections of popular music and reports on current events, politics, the arts and entertainment. Each tape comes with a word-for-word transcription, complete with a German-English vocabulary section, informative cultural notes, and all song lyrics. Study supplements, priced separately, help build listening comprehension with exercises based on selected program segments.

Schau ins Land

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Take 30 days to examine your first tape. If you're not completely satisfied with the program, call for a full refund.

Champs Elysees Inc • 2000 Glenn Echo Rd. • Suite 205 • Nashville TN 37215

FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD
1-800-824-0829
(VISA AND MASTERCARD ACCEPTED)

Send check or money order to *Schau ins Land*
Dept. NG • P.O. Box 158067 • Nashville, TN 37215-8067

☐ 5 editions ($69) ☐ 11 editions ($118)
☐ Study supplement ($20) ☐ Study supplement ($44)
Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Name _____
Address _____
City / State / ZIP _____
French and Italian programs also available

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his interlocutor's needs and sometimes not: they are all external, none gets beneath his skin.

What about society? Vlastos stresses the radical consequences of Socrates' rejection of retaliation for Greek social life. But surely his rejection of pity brings with it consequences no less radical and far more disturbing. In the Greek tradition, from Homer onward, pity is connected with fellow feeling and beneficence. Typically, the appeal for pity is accompanied by a reminder of the common weakness and neediness of humanity, for pity requires putting yourself on a footing with the sufferer, acknowledging your own similar vulnerability. The result of this reminder of neediness, when it works, is to make proud and inflexible people more responsive, more generous to the weak.

Achilles, recalling that he, too, has an aged father who may be suffering, weeps with Priam and returns the corpse of Hektor. When the suitor Antinoos spurns a similar appeal from the beggar Odysseus, who speaks of the vicissitudes to which all humans are subject, the reader knows that a grave offense has been committed, and harshly judges his lack of fellow feeling. How would Socrates treat beggars, hungry children, bereaved friends? We really cannot say: as Vlastos stresses, it is only by his religion that the connection of his virtue to the good of others is anchored, and it is unclear what acts of material beneficence, or even of friendship, that religion (based on the sufficiency of virtue) requires. What we do know, however, is that Socrates must lack the motive for beneficence that comes through pity and fellow feeling, for he has to believe that such losses of material and personal goods, for another as for himself, are of no serious consequence.

And here we find ourselves at the beginning of a debate that has continued for thousands of years in the history of Western philosophy. Is society best held together by an awareness of shared human weakness, neediness, and finitude, or by the aspiration to self-sufficiency and completeness? One might combine these approaches, as Aristotle did; but on the whole one or the other has prevailed. Either pity has been made a basic source of social cohesion or it has been dismissed as unworthy of our dignity as moral and rational beings. On the one side we have the Greek tragedians (especially Sophocles), Aristotle, most of Christian ethics, Rousseau, and Marx; on the other side we have Socrates, Plato, the Greek and Roman Stoics, Spinoza, Kant, and (in his own way) Nietzsche.

The debate is fascinating and complicated, but it turns finally on the answer to one simple question. Is virtue sufficient, or is it only necessary, for a complete good life? Socrates' radical adoption of the sufficiency thesis, closing the spaces for wounds, gave a clear and certain answer to that question. Vlastos sums it all up: unlike Achilles, Alcestis, and Antigone, Socrates "can't lose." He can't lose, because he does not care so deeply for the things that are subject to risk that their loss would be a serious loss for him. *There* is his strangeness, awe-inspiring and alarming. And it leaves a question: Is this a good way for human beings to live?

MARTHA C. NUSSBAUM is the author most recently of *Love's Knowledge: Essays on Philosophy and Literature* (Oxford University Press).

Four Blind Mice

BY BENEDICT ANDERSON

American Intellectuals and African Nationalists, 1955-1970 by Martin Staniland

(Yale University Press, 320 pp., $30)

It is a riveting experience to find, within the covers of a single short book, such a splendid variety of American scholars, officials, politicians, activists, publicists, and hacks making fools of themselves. Here is James Burnham imagining the early decolonization of Africa as a replay of the fall of the Roman empire, with the West "fleeing in thousands, in tens and hundreds of thousands, our weapons spiked and abandoned, our homes looted, our property smashed or stolen, our women raped, our children brutalized." Here is David Halberstam gushing over the "immense potential" of Moise Tshombe, no less. Here is Malcolm X glowing at the prospect of "700,000,000 Chinese who are ready to die for human rights"—in Africa and the United States, of course.

Here is Professor Herbert Spiro learnedly opining that "African notions of time and space lend a less unpleasant aspect to arrests than they have to us." Here is Adlai Stevenson speaking of "the most innocent of continents ... tremblingly poised on the razor's edge between peace and calamity—between one of the most inspiring possibilities of human liberation and progress in all history and one of the ugliest eventualities of chaos and international danger." Here we can enjoy a hallucinatory debate over whether the Ibos are the Jews or the Germans of Nigeria, and hence whether, in 1966-67, they were fleeing the Holocaust or plotting to impose a "Vichy-style" regime in Lagos. William Buckley, Immanuel Wallerstein, Claire Sterling, Herbert Aptheker, James Meredith, and many other eminences make their own odd contributions, to say nothing of the editors of *Time*, *Ebony*, *National Review*, *The Progressive*, *The New York Times*, and the *African Studies Review*.

It is Martin Staniland's purpose not to pillory such imbecilities—he notes them with gentle amusement—but to explain their manifestation in the age of Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and early Nixon. What he shows is that Africa was a sort of political Rorschach blot onto which four American ideological groups (liberals, "leftists," African-Americans, and conservatives) projected their view of the world, and their shared, Quiet-American messianism.

In the early 1950s, American ignorance about Africa was almost total. The American presence in the continent before World War II was so thin and so weak that American consuls had to struggle to dissuade British merchants from peddling American flags to the colonized peoples as loincloths. In 1950 there were fewer than two dozen Africanists of any kind in the sprawling world of American universities. Two decades later 80 percent of the full professors teaching African history had been recruited overseas, mainly from Britain. No serious intellectual or academic journal devoted to African affairs was published until the 1960s.

In a popular textbook called *World History* that was published in 1950, Carleton J. H. Hayes, Parker T. Moon, and John W. Wayland could write that "the Dark Continent is an unexplored wilderness, with an unbearable climate, a Negro population largely barbarous, and deserts and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christopher Lasch on Religion: Illusion, or Antidote to Illusion?

The modern temper — as seen in Max Weber, Sigmund Freud, and others — confidently assumes that the experience of religious doubt, moral relativism, and disenchantment is the natural product of our critical reason and maturity. Actually, this sense of undaunted disillusionment is modernity's characteristic form of pride.

Modernity treats religion as a source of intellectual and emotional security, rather than as a challenge to complacency and pride. Religion's ethical teachings are misconstrued as a body of simple commandments leaving no room for ambiguity.

The wonderful machines that science has enabled us to construct have made it possible to imagine ourselves as masters of our fate. In an age that fancies itself as disillusioned, the illusion of mastery, of independence from powers beyond our control, remains as tenacious as ever. But now that we're beginning to grasp the limits of our control over the natural world, this illusion's future is very much in doubt, more problematical, certainly, than the future of religion. Indeed, it is this most important of illusions which religion asks us to renounce.

— adapted from the NEW OXFORD REVIEW

Christopher Lasch is a frequent contributor to the NEW OXFORD REVIEW; his comments above say much about the perspective of the REVIEW. Edited by lay Catholics, we're an ecumenical monthly magazine spearheading the renewed interest in religion among intellectuals and addressing the significant puzzles in life: evil, goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

We explore religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Tawney, Schumacher, Ellul, Martin Luther King, Dorothy Day, Archbishops Romero and Tutu, Mother Teresa, and Pope John Paul II. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Dante, Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Newman, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Mauriac, Tolkien, Merton, Solzhenitsyn, Simone Weil, C.S. Lewis, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

To the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty, we "nudge and jab in the hope of inducing fresh thought." To *Utne Reader* we bring "surprisingly original insight to familiar topics." *Newsweek* finds us "cheeky."

We kick around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. Writers who've appeared in our pages include such diversely penetrating intellects as Robert Bellah, Jean Bethke Elshtain, Daniel Bell, Norman Lear, Walker Percy, John Lukacs, Robert Coles, J.M. Cameron, Henri Nouwen, Avery Dulles, Gordon Zahn, Will Campbell, Stanley Hauerwas, Richard Mouw, and Sheldon Vanauken. If you're keen on the life of the mind and spirit, subscribe today!

NEW OXFORD REVIEW

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription. . . . . .$14 (regularly $19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription . . . . . .$12 (regularly $16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription . . . . .$23 (regularly $35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription . . . . US$17 (regularly $22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy. $3.50

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 614
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jungles quite impenetrable.... The people are dark of skin; many of them are even darker of mind." In 1951 the *Negro Digest* could calmly speak of a "continent of people confined in a prison of their own making from almost the dawn of time until about 60 years ago.... Channels of contact had been open for hundreds of years. But the Africans had no use for progress of any kind." For most Americans, says Staniland, the then main source of "information" about Africa was Edgar Rice Burroughs. His twenty-six Tarzan novels sold 30 million copies, and spawned sixteen movies and 10 million comic books. Burroughs had never been to Africa and he had no intention of traveling there. Why ruin an enchanting fantasy?

This ignorance began to lose its innocence with the extraordinary worldwide expansion of American power after World War II, and the collapse, between 1957 and 1975, of the European colonial regimes in most of Africa. Staniland has picked an appropriate period for his study: it allows us to watch, in tight order, American responses to presently-existing colonialism, decolonization, and the institution of variously military and civilian authoritarian regimes in independent Africa (outside the Portuguese domain). He has also, rather more problematically, elected to focus on two particular crises—the Katanga affair of 1960-63 and the Nigerian civil war of 1966-70—which, he believes, serve to bring into high relief the inner contradictions in the four worldviews with which he is concerned.

Because New Deal liberalism was politically dominant in the United States between 1955 and 1970, it comes first under Staniland's scrutiny. Initially, there was a good deal of enthusiasm for decolonization and for the first generation of African civilian leaderships, especially in Anglophone countries. The examples of 1776, and of Franklin Roosevelt's construction of a powerful, centralized, capitalist-welfare state, permitted many liberals to fantasize, in the characteristically teleological "modernization" discourse of that silver age, that independent Africa was following cheerfully if belatedly in American footsteps.

By 1970, however, this rosy consensus had largely broken down. Some intellectuals, working the individualist-moralist side of the liberal street, became upset over the plainly brutal treatment of oppositions and minorities by postcolonial authoritarian regimes. If African states had the right to self-determination, they were certainly not permitted the right to abandon "basic human values." Such liberals sympathized with Biafra and denounced the "anti-Semitic" pogroms against the Ibos in 1966-67. Others, more enchanted with Keynesian welfare-capitalism, tended to accept the claim that "African nationalists" had the right to run their countries in accordance with local conditions and traditions, provided that the general trajectory of their regimes could be read in a "progressive" New Deal light. These people conjured up the dangers of tribalism and sectionalism, and Lincoln's use of strong-arm methods to "save the Union," to insist on the need to support the "nationalist" military regime of General Yakubu Gowon and its look-alikes elsewhere on the continent.

On the whole, liberals of all stripes were happier with African nationalism than with African nationalisms. The former was abstract enough to be read under the sign of a planetary emancipation from European colonialism, and thus as a part of world historical Progress. With Nigerian or Tanzanian or Congolese nationalism, however, liberals were usually uneasy. For everything serious and specific about these nationalisms threatened to legitimize strayings from the universal path. Many nationalist leaders, moreover, regarded it as in their specific nation's interests to pursue foreign policies substantially divergent from that of the United States, and domestic economic policies marked by nationalizations, protectionism, and state monopolies.

To appreciate Staniland's discussion of American conservatism, one has to make an effort to think back to a pre-Vietnam War, confidently guns-and-butter era that today seems extraordinarily remote. In those days, self-consciously conservative intellectuals were a small, idiosyncratic minority of ex-Marxist publicists, romantically Anglophile professors, born-again Catholics, and a rentier-rich wagster or two. Staniland suggests that at the start, no doubt because American universities and American magazines and newspapers were then desperately hiring Englishmen with putative experience in Africa, a quasi-colonial fantasy tended to hold sway.

Old Kenya hands like Elspeth Huxley attacked the deleterious consequences of deracinated nationalism and modernization for the "natural African" living in his Burkean tribal community, and defended the decency of civilized Anglo-Saxon rule. But since no American intellectual was an Old Africa hand, the sexy glories of traditional Masai warriorhood had little lasting appeal on this side of the Atlantic. A stronger, native-American line of thought came to predominate, marked by enthusiasm for Marx's world-transforming capitalism, and by hostility to African nationalism, which was easily equated with communism if African state leaders dealt with Moscow or Peking, or placed restrictions on American capital's access to local resources.

This shift, and the tension between the two conservative strains, is well illustrated by the response to the Katanga crisis, which developed when, two weeks after the Belgian Congo's independence, Moise Tshombe, the president of Katanga province, proclaimed a secessionist state, whereupon the national government of Joseph Kasavubu and Patrice Lumumba appealed to the U.N. for military assistance. The nattily suited, bon bourgeois Tshombe, with his fluent French and his expensive Parisian tastes, was hard to sell as a dignified representative of an "unspoiled" Africa. No matter. Senator Thomas Dodd found him "one of the most impressive men I have ever met." The *National Review* characterized him as "a believing, unapologetic Christian," and as a man "convinced that the progress of his country and of Africa

Aunt Maude's Pocketbook

a month of
waiting till the cows come
89

years, naps
sisters
a stitch in

dossage, the right
all dressed up and
tatting

moon
the homeplace
putting things up/putting up with things

retirement living, a center for
naps
nowhere to

go, dossage
day in/day out
appetite, hearty

Sundays
home
time saves nine

JANE FLANDERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could only be achieved by the cooperation of black with white and the aid of white expertise and capital." Better still, beside his warm relations with the Union Minière and the white Rhodesian regime, Tshombe led the opposition to the central government of Lumumba, whom the *Review* puzzlingly described as both "Moscow's man" and a "small-time megalomaniac crook." (Could the KGB really do no better?)

The same shift and tension appeared in conservative responses to the Nigerian civil war. Huxleyish sympathies for gallant Ibos were generally overridden by America-Firster "realism," which perceived a strong American interest in preserving a pro-capitalist, pro-Western, and potentially oil-rich national government in Lagos. Although Staniland does not mention it, another aspect of the Biafran affair perhaps encouraged a "realist" ascendancy: for the coalitions behind the contending parties—China, France, South Africa, and Portugal for Biafra, the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain for Lagos—were difficult to account for by other lights.

Staniland may also be too generous in attributing all the views of his conservatives to "conservatism," for there is more than a whiff of racism in many of their pronouncements. In an article called "The Afro-Asian Inferiority Complex," for example, the émigré Hungarian scholar of French literature Thomas Molnar allowed in 1965 that "the black man has a deep-seated admiration for the white man." (No doubt such sentiments earned him, in 1969, a visiting professorship in political theory at the Potchefstroom University for Higher Christian Education in the Broederbond's Transvaal.) Ex-Marxist James Burnham was sure that "the cultural level of most of the population is incredibly low: for the most part, the natives are—and, who knows, may perhaps long to be, may perhaps prefer to be—at the stage of primitive, precivilized barbarism."

Among black Americans, Staniland argues, knowledge about Africa was quite sparse in the early 1960s, despite the earlier efforts of leaders like Marcus Garvey and W. E. B. Du Bois. For a fair number, colonized Africa was a source of embarrassment. "What is Africa to me?" Countee Cullen had said. And Roger Wilkins, recalling his youth, wrote later that "to identify with the black clods of Tarzan's Africa never entered my mind." But with the emergence after 1957 of what an ecstatic *Ebony* described as "pipe-smoking, cultivated African leaders who wear Bond Street tweeds and carry briefcases," Africa quickly came to be something enviable and admirable—at a time when the civil rights struggle was entering its most perilous days.

Yet it was also a cause of deep tension, for two main reasons. By the later 1960s some black Americans felt that many African regimes ruled by methods that the civil rights movement was courageously opposing in the South. Andrew Young, for example, spoke of "massive violations of human rights and destruction of people" in Amin's Uganda. Richard Gibson strongly criticized those who "prefer to sink into easy fantasies about the homeland of their ancestors. In the fantasies of those who have never touched its soil, Africa is a continent peopled with Mau Mau generals, steel-nerved freedom fighters, and militant masses marching against Whitey. This never-never world, of course, does not exist." And the actor Geoffrey Holder lampooned what he called the "Awful Afro Trend" and "Love Thy African Neighbor Time." (These are just a few of Staniland's examples.)

African independence, moreover, inspired a pan-racial, implicitly separatist and nationalist current among American blacks, which emphasized the similarity between colonialism in Africa and white racist domination in the United States. This stance was perhaps most succinctly expressed by Harold Cruse, who wrote that "from the nationalist point of view, the nature of economic, cultural, and political exploitation common to the Negro experience in the United States differs from pure colonialism only in that the Negro maintains a formal kind of halfway citizenship within the nation's geographical boundaries." Out of this current there later grew the ideology of Black Power, with its hostility to, and contempt for, the older, integrationist, "we're-all-Americans" thinking of the NAACP, Martin Luther King, and *Ebony*.

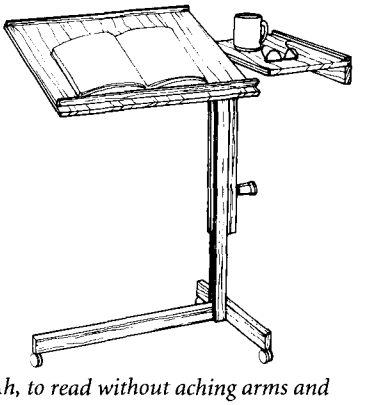
For much of the period between 1955 and 1970, the "Left" in America—let alone the intellectual left—was a thoroughly marginalized minority. The witch hunts of the McCarthy era, the advent of the national security state, and post-Korea cold war thinking, combined with (at the least) violent Soviet repression in East Germany and Hungary, had destroyed an earlier, quite vigorous leftist intellectual culture. For a long while, the *Monthly Review* and *Dissent* remained the only outlets for independent Marxist-oriented intellectuals. Not until the era of the Vietnam War (toward the end of Staniland's period) did an energetic, self-confident

10 Reasons Not to Read Constitutional Commentary:

10. There aren't enough footnotes.
9. Who cares about the Supreme Court?
8. Or the Federalist Papers?
7. Or free speech.
6. Law is not a funny business.
5. It doesn't cost nearly as much as it should.
4. The articles are too readable.
3. It's too conservative.
2. It's too liberal.
1. The Constitution is a passing fad.

Constitutional Commentary.
An interdisciplinary, faculty-edited journal of American constitutional law and politics.
Available from the Center for Legal Studies,
University of Minnesota
Law School
229 19th Ave. South,
Minneapolis, MN 55455
612/625-8034. $15/year

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$195 + **$9.75** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NRRT10, Delray, FL 33445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nobody Brews the News Like

Weekdays from 6:00–10:00 a.m. on

For membership information, call 202-885-1030
A service of The American University

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Left come into existence.

Energetic it might be, says Staniland, but it still faced a Rorschach blot. "Africa" was above all a site on which "world forces" struggled with each other, and on which (since one understood these forces very well) one did not need to lay frequent foot. The veteran black socialist Alpheus Hunton visited Accra in 1959 and was put off by the nouveau riche luxury of Nkrumah's new Ambassador Hotel: "Little such modernization [is] as yet under way in the housing of the city's poorer workers or upcountry." In Lagos he noted the "new residences of extraordinary sumptuousness in which senior officials and other members of the African upper strata dwell." But this truth-telling made little impression on Shirley Graham (Du Bois) who, writing from Accra in 1960, saw "the renaissance of the ancient glories of Africa giving flower to the loftiest reaches of Socialism." In 1964 Herbert Aptheker passed through Accra and was delighted to see that "there are no beggars ... the children have solid frames and clear eyes and are unafraid ...the people ... are consciously seeking to help create a united, free Africa—integrated with socialism." Alas, poor Ghana.

Staniland shows, with exemplary sobriety, how the left, like the other American intellectual groups, inscribed its own confusions onto a blank template. Whether, by the late 1960s, Africa was a front-line zone in the struggle between world-revolutionary and world-reactionary forces, whether African leaders were corrupt bureaucratic bourgeoisies or determined opponents of European and American imperialism, whether the future lay with African workers or African peasants, or whether African socialism was a fraud or a unique contribution to the rich diversity of an imminent planetary heaven—it was almost always Africa, almost never Mali, or Benin, or Somalia, or Equatorial Guinea.

It is here that one notices a curious subterranean handshake between all of Staniland's ideological groups. In different ways, all agreed that "Africa" exists while Ghana and Angola do not. Who, by contrast, still seriously believes in an "Asia" above and beyond Ankara, Seoul, Colombo, and Manila? A "Europe" above Tirana, Valletta, Moscow, Reykjavik, and Dublin? A "Latin America" above Paramaribo, Belize, Ciudad Mexico, Lima, and Los Angeles? All these "zones" live mainly as bureaucratic fantasies and ideological conveniences; and have next to nothing to do with the real lives of real people. That "Africa" survives, against reality,

"INDISPENSABLE— I use it almost every day." — David Brinkley, ABC News

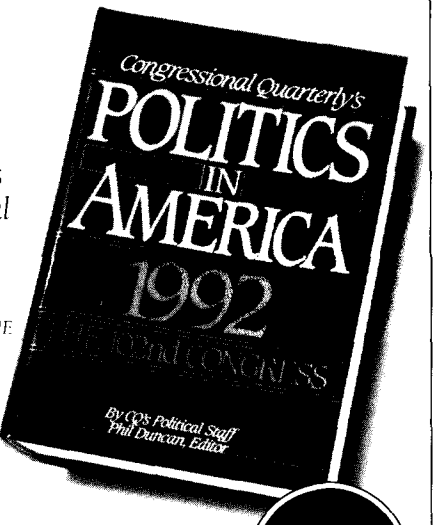
When you want to know who's who on Capitol Hill:

"In sports, you can't tell the players without a program; in congressional politics, POLITICS IN AMERICA is the program."

— **Stanley W. Cloud,** *Washington Bureau Chief, TIME*

"As good a guide as you can find on Congress, its members and the districts that elect them."

— **David Broder,** *The Washington Post*



JUST PUBLISHED!

CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY BOOKS
Washington, D.C.

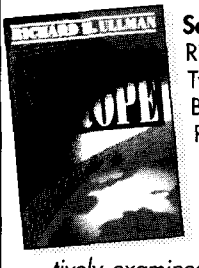
1700 pp. $39.95 Paperback

Distributed by National Book Network, Lanham, Maryland

NOW AVAILABLE AT BOOKSTORES!

The Twentieth Century Fund

A research foundation engaged in public policy studies of economic, political, and social issues and institutions.

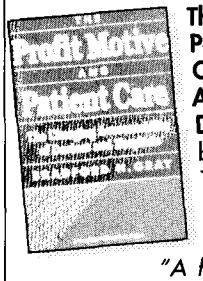


Securing Europe by Richard H. Ullman. A Twentieth Century Fund Book, Published by Princeton University Press

"In this lucid and insightful work one of our leading foreign policy analysts provocatively examines Europe's future in the uncharted waters beyond the cold war."
—Ronald Steel

The Future of Banking by James L. Pierce. A Twentieth Century Fund Report, Published by Yale University Press

"A 'must read' for all those who are now fretting about the condition of our banks."
—Robert E. Litan



The Profit Motive and Patient Care: The Changing Accountability of Doctors and Hospitals by Bradford H. Gray. A Twentieth Century Fund Report, Published by Harvard University Press

"A fine book...a diligent, deeply informed inquiry into a topic of unsurpassed importance."
—*The New York Times Sunday Book Review*

Twentieth Century Fund Papers and Reports are distributed by The Brookings Institution

Partners in Prosperity: The Report of the Twentieth Century Fund Task Force on the International Coordination of National Economic Policies, background paper by Robert Solomon.

Forthcoming:

The Report of the Twentieth Century Fund Task Force on Covert Action and American Democracy, background paper by Allan E. Goodman and Bruce D. Berkowitz.

A look at the constitutional and policy issues inherent in covert action. (late 1991)

41 East 70th Street, New York, New York 10021 ▪ (212) 535-4441

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more energetically than its classmates, strikes one as testimony to the strange way that ignorance can bring racism and the hostility to racism into hidden alliance.

This book is such a fair-minded, amusing, and perceptive read that certain reservations take time to emerge. The title itself is a little misleading, given the prominence in the book of European ideologues, professors, and reporters, and the dubious stretching of "intellectuals" to include such philistine figures as Henry Luce and Roger Wilkins. More important is a curious disembodiedness, at two levels. On the one hand, Staniland explicitly rejects the possibility of showing that these clouds of opinion and argument translated into foreign policy outcomes. On the other hand, the clouds are also detached from concrete political interests. This detachment is probably accentuated by his decision to focus attention on Katanga and Nigeria, neither of them areas where Americans then had long-standing economic or strategic interests.

But what if the focus had been on Rhodesia or South Africa, Liberia or Ethiopia? A substantial number of conservative and liberal opinion-makers had corrupting business interests in the first two. The odious, long-standing Tubman-Tolbert regime was controlled not by "Africans" but by "returned" American blacks, and was studiously ignored by all of Staniland's ideological groups. The brutal and feudal monarchy of Haile Selassie had strong military ties to the Pentagon, and spawned a "military-socialist" regime that both ended feudalism and killed millions of Ethiopians out of paranoia, power hunger, and stupidity. It would be unfortunate if Staniland's distanced analyses of how different American ideological groups fantasized about "Africa" encouraged readers to overlook the real complicities of the United States in the horrors of Mobutu's Congo, Barre's Somalia, Vorster's South Africa, Doe's Liberia, and Moi's Kenya. Those, too, are real places!

BENEDICT ANDERSON is Aaron L. Binenkorb Professor of International Studies at Cornell University.

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange®
Nationwide link between unattached music lovers.
1-800-233-CMLS
Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803

CLASSIC T-SHIRTS!
Beethoven, Confucius, Da Vinci, Jung, J.F.K., Mozart, Shakespeare, Cheshire Cat, Twain, Darwin, Van Gogh, Gandhi, Nietzsche, Poe, Thoreau, Austen, Sherlock Holmes, others.
T-Shirt: (white or lt. blue) $12.75, 4/$46.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23, 2/$44.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. Ship: $2.25 per order.
Illustrated brochure: 75¢
Historical Products, Box 220 C L Cambridge, MA 02238

HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY
by E. Waterhouse Allen
Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Discover from 50 years work in human service agencies. 1st edit., $3.95.
BARK-BACK
P.O. Box 325, Glenshaw, PA 15116

The World's Largest Record Catalog
Discover the convenience of shopping from home for any CD, tape or LP in print. Our 200 pages of Rock, Jazz, Classical & Opera recordings is the world's largest music catalog. You'll find everything from Basie to Wagner, The Beatles to U-2.
BOSE EXPRESS MUSIC CATALOG
Now you can order your music by toll-free phone and get quick (UPS) home delivery.
Send $6.00 (refundable on your first order from the catalog) for our 45,000 title catalog with $50 in merchandise credits. New subscribers get 1 year of update catalogs FREE, covering new releases and musical specials. Absolutely no obligation or unrequested shipments.
Call ☎ 1-800-233-6357
or send to
Bose Express Music, W991,
The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701
Fax: 508-875-0604

The Common Man

BY DANIEL AARON

Carl Sandburg: A Biography by Penelope Niven

(Scribner's, 843 pp., $35)

"I came to Carl Sandburg reluctantly," Penelope Niven confesses in the preface to her informative and leisurely biography. "His work had drifted into justifiable eclipse; his poetry was timeworn, glib, chaotic, hardly worth notice in contemporary anthologies." Even so, upon first seeing the acres of books and papers (some 50,000 items) heaped up in every room of Sandburg's North Carolina "mountain home," she felt herself "inexorably, almost mystically drawn" to them. After fourteen years of research and writing, she ventures no predictions about Sandburg's ultimate place in American letters, but still affirms that "whatever the fate of the mass of work he produced, Sandburg made his life a work of art—richer and deeper for its flaws."

I am not quite sure what that means, but Sandburg's career as Niven narrates it does have an inner logic and consistency, and in the eyes of his countrymen it was surely a successful one. Born in 1878, the haphazardly educated son of Swedish immigrant parents, he grew up in Galesburg, Illinois, the alleged "heartland" of America. He quit school at 13, drove a milk wagon, sold newspapers, shined shoes in a barber shop, painted houses. In 1898 he served a brief hitch with the Sixth Illinois Volunteers in the Spanish-American War, "a nightmare of blood, fever, and blunders," he later recalled. After failing a West Point examination, he spent four years at Lombard College in Galesburg, working as a fireman to cover his academic expenses. Slow to settle on a vocation ("confounded," Niven explains, "by the multiplicity of possible selves within him"), he was alternately a salesman, a poet, an orator, a journalist, an ad man, and a Socialist Party organizer—a hard-driving hustler, in short, with little to show for it.

His marriage to Lillian Steichen in 1908 was the first and most decisive act in his "zig-zagging" course toward a vaguely discerned ideal. (It was she who assured him that he was "a company of geniuses" but "first of all a poet.") The second, and scarcely less fateful one, was his move to Chicago in 1912. The publication of *Chicago Poems* in 1916 lifted Sandburg out of obscurity. *Cornhuskers* (1918) and *Smoke and Steel* (1920) put him in the fore-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

front of American poets. "Colloquial," "rough," "powerful," "coarse," "raw," "simple"—these were the words used to describe Sandburg's verse, but he was also reckoned to be tender and sensitive, and a bit mystical as well. The celebrator of the big-shouldered city, of fish-criers and rolling mills, could also compose a nocturne on a brickyard.

By the mid-1930s Sandburg had become a national icon, the people's poet as American as corn on the cob. In many schoolchildren would contribute their pennies to restore his modest birthplace, and schools and a housing development would bear his name. Sandburg easily and contentedly adapted himself to the role of Johnny Appleseed redivivus. He crossed and recrossed the country, reading his poems and singing folk songs on college campuses to his own guitar accompaniment and performing on radio and television with famous entertainers. He became a great favorite in Hollywood. On Lincoln's birthday in 1959, he addressed a joint session of Congress and assorted dignitaries. He died in his eighty-seventh year, full of honors. And yet to the reigning literary critics he had already been long dead, a relic of the past, and his poetic chants about "The People" so much "Corn."

When the older Sandburg talks about himself in his letters and his memoirs, one often has the impression that he is "crafting" (to use one of Niven's obsessive locutions) an image of a bard with an unquenchable vision who, like the child in Whitman's poem, goes forth to take in the sights and sounds of his world and become a "kosmos." Less mystically, however, they can be read as the story of an outsider turned insider, of a marginal man sucked into the consensus.

During the first forty years of his life, Sandburg considered himself a radical of sorts. Even in his teens, he seems to have looked balefully on an economic system that kept his dour and unloving father penned in a railroad workshop. He didn't have to feign his concern for poor immigrants and a gypped underclass; unlike many of the gently reared liberals and reformers who attacked the "interests," he had been a working stiff, a rider of boxcars. He had pitched hay with hoboes, been a private in the Army, known at first hand the tedium of bootless jobs. The socialist literature that he devoured only ratified his discontent with capitalism. Never a revolutionist, he joined up with the Democratic Socialists and the advocates of the cooperative commonwealth, "American style."

The defeat of Eugene Debs in the presidential election of 1912, however, ended Sandburg's official connection with the Socialist Party. Henceforth he called himself an "independent," which in his case generally meant voting for liberal Democrats. Years of writing for the Socialist press had kept him poor, but politics to a large degree had given substance and feeling to his poetry—perhaps even dictated its form, since traditional verse patterns might have constrained the poet-orator with so much to vouchsafe. To quote Niven, "Sandburg was growing toward a poetry as unorthodox and independent as his politics."

So it was perceived at least by Harriet Monroe, the influential editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, under whose sponsorship he made a sensational debut in 1914. The nine poems she selected included the much anthologized "Chicago" ("Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation") that was to become Sandburg's patent of identity. For the next few years, his free-verse expostulations on public issues, portraits of disreputable Chicagoans, and imagistic impressions dazzled and offended his readers. The lyricist, as Amy Lowell put it, was drowned out by "the brawling of the marketplace." His poetry was concrete and specific, full of satire, tough talk, and aggressively anti-war.

But Sandburg's graphic descriptions of the horrors and the futility of war halted abruptly after the United States joined the Allies. Now he supported President Wilson's crusade and signaled his break with the neutralists in a loud and hollow poem ("an immediate success, nationwide and abroad," Niven reports) announcing that Russia, Britain, France, and the United States—the "Four Brothers" of the poem's title—were out to hunt down and kill "the one-armed mastoid kaiser." How to account for his change of heart? Niven suggests a number of reasons: the first-generation immigrant's loyalty to the nation; the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*; the influence of his brother-in-law Edward Steichen, already a famous photographer and serving in the Signal Corps. Whatever the reason, nothing sustains her claim that Sandburg examined the war "with the clear, cold eye of the reporter and the burning vision of the poet." His response was impulsive and opportunistic and shortsighted. He neither anticipated nor approved the government's crackdown on the IWW for alleged sabotage, and the trial and conviction of Debs for delivering a "seditious" speech, yet he dared not protest openly lest his socialist past be hauled out and used to block his scheduled assignment to Sweden in 1918 as a cor-

LA FRANCE EN CASSETTES!

Champs-Élysées®

It's been called the most exciting authentic material available for students of French. It's *Champs-Elysées*, the monthly audiomagazine for people who love France and the French language. Produced in Paris by Georges Lang, one of Europe's best-known broadcasters, each hour-long edition brings you interviews, music, and conversation about current events, travel, and the arts. A word-for-word transcription comes with each tape, complete with a French-English glossary and cultural notes. Study supplements, priced separately, help build listening comprehension with exercises based on selected program segments.

Money Back Guarantee: Take 30 days to review your first tape. If you're not completely satisfied with the program, call for a full refund.

Send check or money order to Champs-Elysées, Inc.
Dept. NF, P.O. Box 158067, Nashville, TN 37215-8067

☐ I'd like to subscribe for
☐ 5 editions ($69) ☐ 11 editions ($118)
☐ Study supplement ($20) ☐ Study supplement ($44)
Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax

Name _____

Address _____

City / State / ZIP _____

German and Italian programs also available.

☎ FOR FASTER SERVICE, ORDER BY CREDIT CARD 1-800-824-0829

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respondent for the Scripps news service.

In Sweden he got a closer look at the actual war and a clearer sense of its costs. Here the "shrewd, seasoned newsman" was beguiled and manipulated by the Soviet agent Michael Borodin, who supplied him with piles of "information" from Russia and induced him to transmit propaganda to the States and deliver drafts of $10,000 to the ostensible head of the Finnish Information Bureau, who was actually another Russian agent. Sandburg's interrogation by intelligence officials upon his return (had he been unconsciously made "the instrument of conspiratorial interests inimical to the United States"?) left him angry and embittered. "The Liars," written as the Allied powers at Versailles squabbled over the spoils of victory, is a poem of denunciation, the sequel to "The Four," and the cry of a momentarily disenchanted prophet against the state leaders who gave no thought to the slaughtered millions and who, retiring once again behind locked doors, "lie to nations ... lie to The People."

Traces of his pain are also detectable in his letters, and to a lesser degree in his journalism. So long as men and women were denied the right to work in freedom, he warned in a public letter addressed (but never mailed) to Romain Rolland, there would be "war, poverty, filth, slums, strikes, riots, and the hands of men red with the blood of other men." The unqualified supporter of Mr. Wilson's War seemed to have recovered a degree of his old socialist militancy. The people might fail in their struggle for economic self-determination, but better they suffer the blunders of democracy than be "fat, clean, and happy" under the "efficient arrangements" of "financial and industrial" autocrats. His "fixed, unchangeable creed" aligned Sandburg "with all the rebels anywhere all the time" (whether they be Wobblies, anarchists, single-taxers, socialists, progressives, or trade-unionists) "and against all people who are satisfied." Sandburg's ecumenical radicalism, according to Niven, was too "bold and dangerous" for publication in 1919, the year of the Red Scare and community-condoned vigilantism, and Niven doesn't pass judgement on the prudential aspect of his reticence. It is enough for her that he preferred, as he announced in a cryptic poem, "Aprons of Silence," to keep "my mouth shut," or to present ugly facts in a detached reportorial style.

The series of assigned articles that Sandburg wrote for the *Chicago Daily News*, subsequently collected and published as *Chicago Race Riots: July, 1919*, explored the background of that terrible event, namely the influx of blacks into Chicago during the war years and the ensuing racial tensions aggravated by widespread economic distress, intolerable housing conditions, police ignorance, and the restrictive policies of labor unions. Sandburg reported his findings without emotional orchestration, but he voiced his cold disgust in a letter that Niven gives in part:

> It's come clear in the last two or three years that in a group killing of a man, in a mobbing, the event reaches a point where all rationale is gone; such a term as "anarchist" or "traitor" or "Boche" or "Englander Schwein" disappears and they babble hysterically only one or two epithets, in our language usually a tenor of "Son of a Bitch" with a bass of "Cocksucker." Since some of the finest blood of the human family goes this way poets and painters have a right to employ it or at least not kid themselves about what actually happened at Golgotha. Since I've tackled with men who were in the trenches and since I've seen race riots I am suspicious that the sponge of vinegar on the spear is a faked legend and what probably happened, if the historicity of Christ is ever established, is that they cut off his genital organ and stuck in in his mouth.

This wrenching and self-revelatory outburst draws the not very helpful observation from Niven that "inevitably Sandburg the poet transmuted the trauma of race riot and war into poetry," but it doesn't tempt her to speculate on what might have prompted the ferocious language of his letter. In her account, Sandburg simply expunged these dark scenes and darker thoughts by transporting himself from Chicago's quotidian miseries to "A Far Country of make-believe." He wrote children's stories—"authentic American fairy tales," Niven calls them—while holding down his job on the *Daily News*. He stopped reporting on labor matters and began in 1920 to review movies, an entertainment form in harmony, Niven notes, with "his close ties to the American lyceum, Chautauqua and vaudeville circuits" and one that ushered him into another fictive realm, "the silent celluloid."

This shift from fact to fantasy, from the real Chicago lynch mobs to the unreal adventures of Tom Mix and Rin-Tin-Tin, enabled Sandburg to distance himself from the seamy world, or at least to dilute its unpleasant impact in the wash of the American Dream, which became in his hands a highly vendible commodity. By the mid-'20s, all of his activities—poetry, "lecture recitals," politics, movie columns, historical broodings—had begun to focus on the celebration of Americans, their myths and beliefs, and on (for Sandburg) their perdurable archetype, Abraham Lincoln.

Dozens of his contemporaries were steeped in Lincoln lore—Vachel Lindsay, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters among the more notable—but none merged with Lincoln so completely as Sandburg, none fed upon him so voraciously. Indeed, he *became* Lincoln, and turned the first two volumes of his biography, *The Prairie Years*, which appeared in 1926, into "a mirror of his own interior life."

Niven's account of the translation of Sandburg into Lincoln is impressive, and she rightly devotes many pages to this ultra-Sandburgian work. Its germ she locates in Galesburg, where, only twenty years before Sandburg's birth, Lincoln debated Douglas, and she ably traces its long incubation. In 1907 he began to collect stories about the quintessential Common Man, who was like everybody else, "only bigger and deeper." Three years later the socialist Sandburg depicted Lincoln as a sort of American Gorki who "never forgot the tragic, weary underworld from which he came." In 1921 he planned a young people's biography of Lincoln, but once embarked on his research a grander vision changed his course: he would relate the personal life of an American hero no less immense than Jesus or Shakespeare and no less emblematic of his country and his times.

Loose in structure, lyrical in tone, "studded with anecdotes, letters, memoirs, newspaper stories, hearsay, conjecture," and cleansed of scholarly annotation, *The Prairie Years* was extolled for its extraordinary insight into Lincoln's mysterious personality and its success in re-creating the society that produced him. Historians faulted Sandburg for mixing fact and apocrypha, and for assuming the liberty of a novelist in reporting what Lincoln thought and said. Such criticisms, Nivens feels, are less damaging if his book is seen for what it is: not orthodox biography or "history," but a poetic and autobiographical epic.

The War Years (1939), the last four volumes of the biography, showed more respect for the historical proprieties than the first two. They were also better written, Nivens thinks, or in any event less egregiously poetic. The author had grown with his subject, internalized him, and vicariously experienced his shifting moods, pleased that they shared the same literary tastes and the same contempt for literary critics. The elegist and apostle who had recorded "the vast epic tale of the authentic Lincoln tradition mingled with legend, myth, and folk-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lore" may also have benefitted by their association in ways that he couldn't have anticipated. Safe in Abraham's bosom, the former flailer of capitalism, premature anti-fascist, and sympathizer with men and movements on the attorney general's list was spared the intimidating procedures of the FBI and Senator McCarthy's far-ranging committee. Such a noteworthy member of Lincoln's "family of man," one who identified with everybody and pronounced "exclusive" the most detestable word in the English language, could hardly be called un-American.

The People, Yes, a radical New Dealish free-verse potpourri of national legend, proverbs, folk sayings, and slang—and close in spirit to Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*—appeared in the depression year of 1936. Niven considers it "the culmination of Sandburg's career as a poet," although some might mark that culmination with *Smoke and Steel*, published more than a decade earlier. During that interim, Sandburg's poetic deficiencies, noted by his peers (repetitiousness, looseness, didacticism, sentimentality, a "weakness of the critical faculty," and above all a failure to grow and deepen), had hypertrophied.

"Sometime in the saturnalian past," Hart Crane wrote to Yvor Winters, "Elbert Hubbard found the ghost of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and on a slab of the sunburnt West they managed to conceive Carl Sandburg, a tiresome half-way person, even though a poet." Crane's comment has more malice than weight, although his linking Sandburg with the self-promoting hucksterish Hubbard, the once celebrated author of *The Message to Garcia* and Sandburg's early mentor, is fair enough; but William Carlos Williams's summation, written a year later and quoted at length by Niven, seems fairer. According to Williams, the best of Sandburg's early poems were "touched with fire," but his failure to cultivate the "natural love of violence" shown in *Chicago Poems*, his powerlessness before the flood of facts, and his unwillingness to limit himself to poetry kept him from becoming a poet of distinction.

Niven half agrees, and she adduces Sandburg's own admission that his work contained "a percentage of drivel and overwriting," but she attributes a good deal of the animus against him to the prejudices of the sophisticates in and outside the academy. Sandburg, she points out, "wrote always for the ordinary man and woman, and for himself." Sometimes, too, "his passion for social justice blurred the boundary between poetry and propaganda."

But it wasn't the "passion for social justice" that accounts for the blurring. Nor can changing styles and tastes in poetry or the hostility and indifference of Eastern intellectuals ("Abracadabra Boys" he labeled them) entirely explain Sandburg's disappearance from the anthologies. Long before he died, he had assumed the prerogatives of poet laureate, had begun to sound like a parody of himself. He faded out of the picture during his own "harvest years," when his litany on the Common Man rang increasingly hollow. There is something sad in this spectacle of an aging poet all too ready to take center stage, to read or sing or deliver a Lincoln address, to tell the story of the People in a lumbering and tedious novel. In Niven's words, "He created a mask, wore it easily until it became habitual, until he himself seemed to become the mask."

In her solicitous log of Sandburg's meandering voyage to fame, Niven pretty much accepts what amounts to Sandburg's own self-serving version of his ambitions, struggles, and achievements. To be sure, she can't resist a deflationary aside or two, and cites some devastating judgments by his peers, but her admiration for Sandburg, her loyalty to him and his wife (a "beautiful woman of prodigious intellect" whose importance for her is almost equal to that of Sandburg himself) makes her sound at times like a family surrogate. She is lavish with superlatives, quick to condone and to extenuate; she dwells excessively on his charm and "virility," his appeal to women, the changing color of his eyes, his "genius" and "innocence" and "boy's heart." This reader kept wishing that she would show more curiosity and more detachment about the shadowy aspects of his personality—as reflected, say, in the complicated family imbroglios she tactfully describes, his venial and in all likelihood unconsummated extramarital affairs, his dependence on (and exploitation of) the women who tended him, his compromises with authority when the chips were down, his remarkable affectations, his unsurfeited hunger for approbation.

Even so, this is the first full and searching study of Sandburg's extraordinarily interesting career. It is too reverent and defensive, a little garrulous and repetitive, but it is solid and intelligent. Thanks to Niven's industry, thoroughness, shrewdness, and fidelity to fact, her book contains all the information about Sandburg and his times that a less encomiastic biographer would require to paint a more probing and ironic portrait of this all too human man.

DANIEL AARON is professor of English emeritus at Harvard University.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 6*

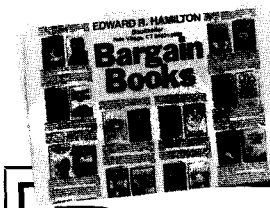
April's fool

To the editors:

In "April's Bluff" (August 5), Sidney Blumenthal writes: "[April Glaspie] appeared before the Senate committee without makeup or jewelry, her long gray hair was pulled back and her dress absolutely plain. Her puritan austerity suggested virtue." Though he may have been stretching to make his point that, as he saw it, she was "married to her subject and assignment," to my knowledge there is nothing in the Foreign Affairs Manual that suggests women officers should wear makeup, jewelry, do their hair and dress in the latest fashion. She was not exactly working for TWA. Are male ambassadors afflicted with the same taint of "clientitis" for their similar austerity?

LINDA G. BELL
Beallsville, Maryland

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washingon, D.C. 20036.



FREE CATALOG
Huge Selection
Lowest Prices

Bargain Books

Choose from recent publishers' overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints—up to 8,000 titles each month, including 600-1,500 new arrivals—most at savings of 50% to 80%.

We publish a new catalog every 4 weeks, each offering an immense selection from all major publishers, and with more books at $1.95, $2.95, $3.95 than you'll find anywhere else: **Politics,** Biography, Science, Art, Literature, Fiction, Health, Movies, Nature, Gardening and more. Something for everyone, from yesterday's best sellers to titles you never knew existed, most in limited supply. We normally ship within 24 hours with a moneyback guarantee.

Please send me your Free Catalog of Bargain Books.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

HAMILTON
Box 15-594, Falls Village CT 06031

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARIS DIARIST

Libération

NOT SO LONG AGO, FRANCE'S intellectual life was a prism through which the fortunes of communism were refracted. It's hard to imagine the enormous stake that so many weighty people felt they had in the success of Marxisms-in-power. Of course, this long infatuation was never uncontested. The conflict was even personalized, as if in a duel of honor, in the contest between Jean-Paul Sartre and Raymond Aron. For decades Sartre won. Aron's skepticism, so corrosive and dour, seemed somehow to spoil the fun of triumphalist history unfolding before our eyes: China, Cuba, Vietnam. The two men are dead now, but even in the Latin Quarter there is no nostalgia for the philosophical formulas that reconciled humanism with terror.

SO WHEN THE MOTHERLAND OF "actually existing socialism" finally exhausted itself and there were no mourners, Aron's ghost was justly appeased. As François Furet, the great scholar of 1789 and its consequences, pointed out in the vaguely gauchiste *Libération* on August 27, the events of last week brought to a close the central myth of two centuries: that revolutions should be the preferred instrument of historical change. And since the French had already been disabused of the Jacobin version of the myth, they were altogether prepared for the collapse of the 1917 revolution, which had annexed its symbols and its false promises.

I AM ESPECIALLY CONSCIOUS OF all this because it has been my fate to watch communism crumble from France, first when my wife and I were on sabbatical in Paris during the "Velvet Revolution"; and now, as the dominoes of "the Soviet Union" are freed and topple, we are here again. I am always a bit anxious when I am away from home and work as urgencies unfold. In 1989-90 I feared that in my absence TNR would slide ever so slightly behind Mikhail Gorbachev in his struggle with the democratic opposition, and despite many tense trans-Atlantic phone calls, that's more or less what it did. I have never really trusted Gorbachev, and his post-putsch foxhole near-conversion to democracy and capitalism only intensified my distrust. Until the day of the putsch, he was still putting the brake on those constitutional and economic reforms without which the peoples of the USSR are doomed to immiseration and dictatorship. He says he came back from the Crimea to "a different country," a country whose birth he spent years preventing. Still, he wants to be its leader. With what credentials? That all of the putschists were his own appointees to power?

MANY LIBERALS ARE DISQUIETED by nationalisms. As a Zionist, however, I have been rather alert to the stirrings of real nations that many orderly folk would rather have disappear from history and from maps. So I felt that what was happening in the Soviet Union was not only an easily grasped struggle against tyranny, but a vexing series of struggles in which men and women define the natural communities to which they are loyal. Still, elated at the reappearance of the flags that Marxism had consigned to the dustbin, I do not doubt that they mean trouble too. Boris Yeltsin is now the representative voice of newly enfranchised Russia, and he has already warranted the independence of the three Baltic nations. But there are two salient themes in Russian nationalism. One yearns to be only itself. The other expresses a pan-Slavic vision in which Russia is what political theorists used to call the *staatsvolk*, or the state people. This idea puts Russia at the center of a vaster enterprise, and Russia's neighbors have already been warned. It will be a miracle if Yeltsin can avoid thinking of such an enterprise as part of his and his people's destiny.

FRENCH TELEVISION NEWS, IT turns out, is no better than American. It's as lively as a gazette, and not more informative. But on the nights of the coup and on TV, President Mitterrand did give the plotters the only consolation they'd get all week: his test for doing business with them wasn't at all onerous. Fortunately the power of France to influence world events is minimal these days. By Wednesday, under fire even from his own socialist apparatchiks, Mitterrand was eating his words.

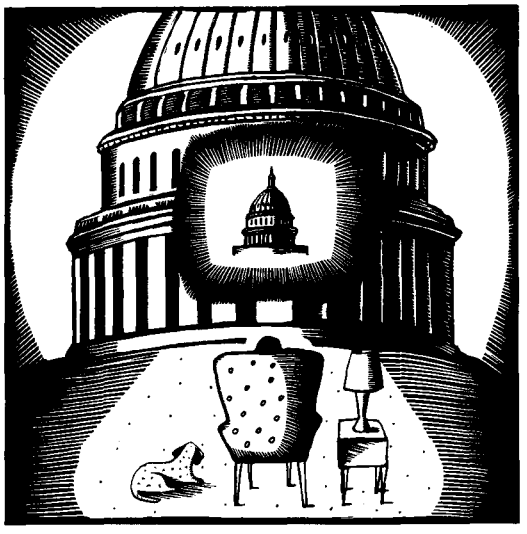
THERE WERE OTHER MOMENTS OF less laden silliness. Before the Russian people saved themselves, Elie Wiesel announced that the world's Nobel laureates would soon intervene. Another showoff, Mstislav Rostropovich, who spent the last fifteen years in exile in the United States and flew last week to be at Yeltsin's side, avowed that he "was ready to die and happy to die for freedom." After the statue of Felix Dzerzhinsky was unceremoniously brought down by the crowd, Rostropovich told the press that it should be replaced by one of Aleksandr Solzhenitsiyn. To which of the two themes of Russian nationalism do you think the maestro adheres? (The lesson of the recent events in M[illegible] o[illegible] course, is that *no* statue of *anybody* should be erected. Real democrats suspect pedestals.) But the most preposterous piece I saw was in Robert Maxwell's *The European*. It was called "Raisa's Revolution" and declared that "whatever happens after this week's events, thanks to her [Soviet women] now know who Yves Saint Laurent is."

"NEW MIDEAST RIFT: WHO BACKED Coup?" asked the *International Herald Tribune* on August 23. It is an excellent question. *Libération* reported on August 25 that "in the occupied territories and the Palestinian diaspora, there was a spontaneous explosion of joy at the announcement of the putsch." In Tunis, according to the *Trib*, Yasir Abed Rabbo, the spokesman for the PLO executive committee, said: "We hope that this step will help to stop the tragic internal problems facing the Soviet Union." Saddam Hussein, who claimed some credit himself for the Soviet coup, and Muammar Qaddafi also embraced the *revanche*.

NONE OF THIS REALLY SURPRISES anyone. A Reuters dispatch arrestingly titled "Jordan Is Hoping for a Reduction in U.S. Influence" reports that the Jordanian information minister said that "Amman was eager to see Moscow assume its role as a major world power." Khaled Karaki suggested that "these developments could influence the world's balance of power, which recently faced imbalances that allowed one power to impose its hegemony." The government-controlled press "also welcomed Mr. Gorbachev's ouster." The king may or may not be responsible for these pronouncements, but [illegible]sh and Baker might anyway ask themselves a few questions about this cherished Arab ally in "the peace process." And while we're putting questions to them, here's another: When the Middle East peace conference opens in October with the phantom USSR as co-chair, exactly who and what will it represent? The president and his man had better grasp just how new the new world order really is.

MARTIN PERETZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Perception:

C-SPAN is Owned and Operated by the Federal Government.

Reality:

C-SPAN is Funded by the Cable Industry as a Public Service.

The perceptions we see persist, often without regard for the facts. Information allows us to distinguish perception from reality.

C-SPAN is the cable television network that covers the daily workings of Congress. Gavel-to-gavel. The image of congressional debates on television may suggest government sponsorship of the channel.

But Washington doesn't pay the bill, America's cable television companies do. Proudly. To help American citizens watch their government at work, America's cable companies have contributed $75 million to C-SPAN operations since 1978.

C-SPAN doesn't edit, filter or comment on the workings of government. So cable television gives American citizens as much information as they need to make their own distinctions between perception and reality.

C-SPAN. One example of the continuing commitment of America's cable companies to the democratic process that is, at once, our country's heritage and its future.

PRIVATELY FUNDED

TO SERVE THE PUBLIC

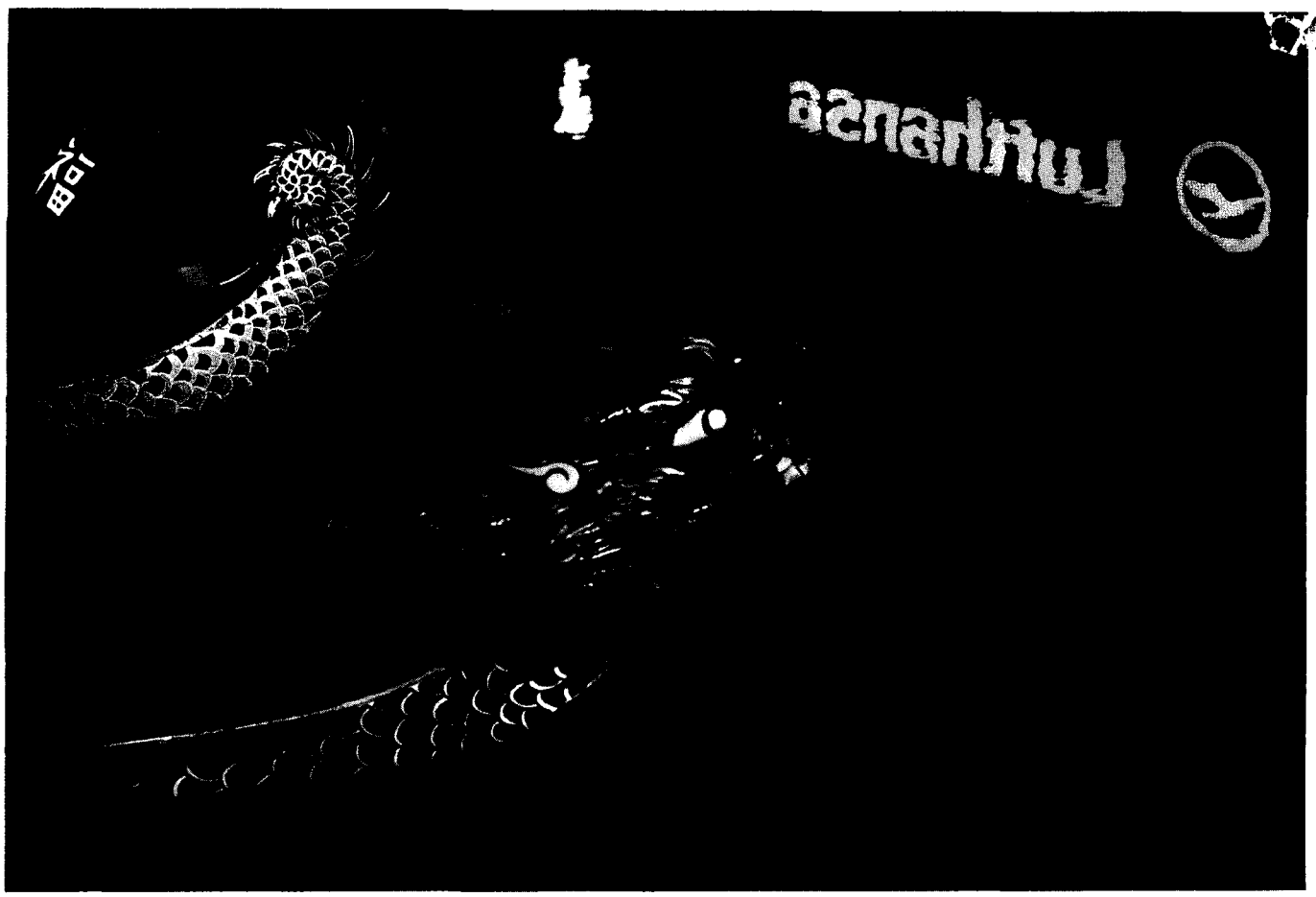
BY AMERICA'S CABLE

TELEVISION COMPANIES

C-SPAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to make a Lufthansa connection in over 200 places we don't even fly to.



RECEIVED
SEP 04 1991

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

When you fly Lufthansa, you never have to feel like you're alone. Because we have more than 390 offices on 6 continents. And over 200 of them are in places we don't even fly to. So almost anywhere you go, you can rely on our people to also be there. Dedicated people, familiar with the area, who can help you once you're there with last-minute travel plans, hotels, rental cars or just about anything else you might need. We can even tell you where to get the best roast duck in Taipei. It's our way of showing we'll go to the ends of the earth to make you feel at home. At Lufthansa, providing you with the best service everywhere in the world isn't just our job. It's our passion.

A passion for perfection.[sm]

Lufthansa

Lufthansa is a participant in the mileage programs of United, Delta, USAir and Continental. See your Travel Agent for details.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED